

JUNE 5, 1925

# *The* AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*







# JELL-O *America's most famous dessert*

WITH the dessert, the dinner reaches its climax. Formerly, rich pastries, heavy puddings and confections composed this course. All these were, no doubt, very delicious, but bad for the digestion.

However, customs change—there arose a demand for a light, nourishing sweet, simple

and easy to prepare, yet forming a tempting dessert.

All this we get in JELL-O. Made from purest gelatin, cane sugar, and fruit juices, containing only healthful ingredients, it is one of the best and safest desserts for children. Our recipe book contains many delightful suggestions for serving JELL-O. Write us for it.

THE JELL-O COMPANY Inc.



LE ROY~NEW YORK

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# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



THE following communication from Pierce Merry of Augusta, Georgia, a member of Louis L. Battey Post, is placed before the meeting: "I am just one of the boys, but a regular reader of The American Legion Weekly. It's a darned good publication, but, possibly like a few others, I get a bad taste from it every now and then. My kick is this: I don't like the 'comrade' stuff. True, we were all comrades-in-arms together, but for the love of Mike, forget that we are comrades in time of peace. Every time I hear or read the word comrade I think of reports I've read in the press about the Third Internationale or some other Bolshevik organization. The name comrade is the term they apply to their fellow-workers in the cause of Bolshevism. They had it first. Give them a clear title to it in fee simple—let them keep it and do anything they want with it, but let us be buddies or Legionnaires to one another forever."

\* \* \*

FROM G. P. Donnellan of Atlanta (this must be Georgia Week—you'll find further mention of Georgia on the editorial page) comes a message which he asks us to pass on to former men of Company D, 307th Engineers, Com—that is, Buddy Donnellan used to be captain of that outfit. He writes: "Through loss of records a history of the company cannot be published, and the fund put aside for this purpose has been turned over in its entirety to The American Legion Endowment Fund."

\* \* \*

AN Ohio Legionnaire who gets about the country quite a bit writes us a personal letter (which is the only reason why we aren't using his name) from Omaha. "This is to certify," he declares, "that Omaha, 'out where the West is best,' is a good town, and that the Legion was luckier than it knew when it gave Omaha the 1925 convention, and that Omaha is going to do the job right. This is an open-faced city, ideally arranged for a convention. Hotels are good and the people can't be beat. The Legion here stands on its own. The post includes all the liveliest younger men in every profession and business. The Legion in Omaha has the men who in many large cities are too busy with their own business affairs to be Legionnaires." Sounds like a good bunch of hosts we're going to have next October. The dates of the convention, if you want to stick them in your hatband for future reference, are the 5th to the 9th—Monday to Friday—inclusive. Let's go!

IT will be good news to Weekly readers to learn that a new series of D. C. I. stories by Karl W. Detzer will start in an early issue. Mr. Detzer's stories have been one of the most popular features which the Weekly has ever published, and we are glad to have more of them.

\* \* \*

SOME weeks ago we printed the following question on this page: "Is Bernarr E. Whitley, who will be twenty-three years old in May, the youngest post commander? Whitley heads Betowski-Van Demark Post of Waverly, New York."

Lewis E. Woofter, commander of Clay County Post, Clay, West Virginia, can go Whitley a few days better. Woofter won't be twenty-three until June 19th. Both Whitley and Woofter served in the Navy.

\* \* \*

THOSE of our readers who have been suffering from insomnia wondering who the she was in "She's Forty Years Old", which we announced a week ago would be disclosed in this week's issue, need only turn the page to see her portrait—several portraits, in fact. A study of these pictures proves that the lady is very well preserved; indeed it would take an expert in physiognomy to detect much difference between the features of her babyhood and those of her maturity. Perhaps it's the sea air. Nobody in the world has ever enjoyed such a steady look at the ocean as she has. We also think you will agree with our statement of last week that several

hundred thousand Americans have seen her not once, but twice. And she looked a whole lot better the second time.

\* \* \*

PASADENA (California) Post has organized a pistol team and is prepared to take on any other post pistol team in the United States. Pistol matches, like chess contests, can be conducted by mail or telegraph. Challenges should be hurled at N. J. Shupe, manager of the Pasadena Legion Marksmen's Club.

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PERSONAL news: Past National Commander Alvin Owsley and Miss Lucy Ball were married at Muncie, Indiana, on May 16th. The bride is a sister of E. Arthur Ball, Past Department Commander of Indiana.

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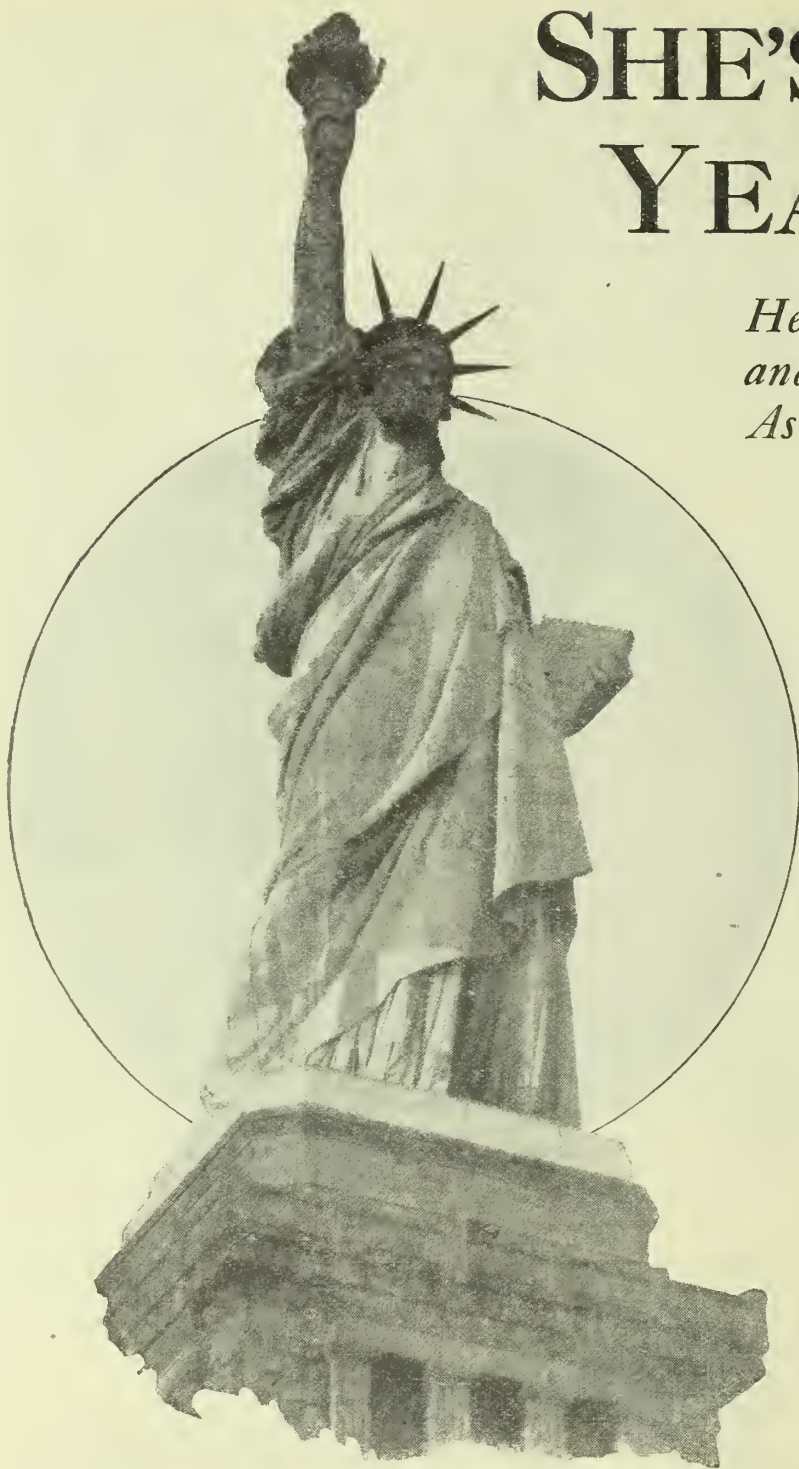
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# SHE'S FORTY YEARS OLD

*Her Name is Miss Liberty  
and She Reached America,  
As the Gift of France, on  
June 17, 1885*

By NATHANIEL  
PEFFER



**F**ORTY years ago June 17th a French frigate, plowing along at nine knots an hour—a fairly smart clip then for ships of the line—came into New York Harbor with a cargo of 210 cases down in the hold. In the cases was the Statue of Liberty, in small pieces.

It was a unique voyage with a unique cargo, climax of a unique chapter in history. Not often have fighting ships of one country come into the port of another country with such sailing orders. This one was delivering the present of France to the United States—a singular present, the biggest statue in the world.

The history of the Statue of Liberty is little known, or, where it has

been known, is generally forgotten. I shall tell it as it has been told by the man who had most to do with it, the sculptor, Frederic Auguste Bartholdi. Bartholdi was one of the group who conceived the idea of making such a gift, he himself conceived the form the gift was to take, and he executed it. In a memoir written in 1885, to commemorate the arrival of the statue, he has given the first-hand story from beginning to end.

"One evening twenty years ago," he writes, "I had been dining at the home of my most regretted and illustrious friend, M. Laboulaye, and his guests were smoking in the conservatory of his charming retreat, Glavigny, near Versailles. It was a gathering of men

eminent in politics and letters. The talk fell upon international relations, upon the sentiments of Italy toward France. Someone said that gratitude could not exist among nations, that the least material interest, the lightest political breath, would break every tie of that sort. Coming to the United States, the remark was added that France could no more count on the remembrance of the past."

M. Laboulaye, the host, took exception. The sentiment that lasted between nations, he said, depended on whether the flow of sympathy between them had its source in something real, in some experience shared by them or by some affinity of aspiration. Coming to the United States in particular, he said that the feeling that existed between the United States and France was not a matter of gratitude, but was based on the remembrance of a common struggle made for common purposes. The Frenchmen who fought in the United States for American independence went away in spite of their government and because they shared the ideals of the Revolution. It was this common aspiration that impelled Frenchmen to share America's struggles and give their lives to its cause—that was the foundation of America's friendship, and it was not any effort of the French government but the sacrifice of these Frenchmen that Americans remembered, and this they could not forget, because it was not something political.

"This conversation came back to my mind a long time afterward, at the period of the war of 1870," continues Bartholdi. "I was with the army in the East, where we struggled for long months against the enemy and against our severe sufferings, always hopeful, always with faith in the future."

"I was sent to Bordeaux to get some arms and munitions which came from America on board one of the vessels of the Trans-Atlantic Company. It was with pain that I heard the officers of the vessel speak of the demonstrations in the United States in favor of Germany. One of them, however, defended the Americans. He said those



clamorous demonstrations were the work of Germans who had been in America only a short time; that those who had been long in the United States respected the traditions of their new country; that the greater part of them remembered how they had been trodden under foot, condemned to death and obliged to fly from their native land, when they had dreams of possessing some liberties, of enjoying equality; that those who rejoiced over the success of Germany rejoiced rather in the fact of a united Germany and in the hope of seeing that unity result in the political and social development of their country, for the happiness of their relatives and friends who remained therein; but that those very men were too much Americans and citizens of the great free peoples to feel hatred toward France or to rejoice over the misfortune of the nation which helped to create their new country whose prosperity they enjoy today.

"All these comments, these varied opinions, excited my lively interest. I had always felt a sympathetic curiosity concerning America and a lively interest to know the country."

When the war was over and Germany had emerged conqueror and taken Alsace, his native province, Bartholdi could not return to his home. Nor could he go to Paris, for there the Commune was in power and the city was torn by civil war. He decided to go to America instead. Before leaving he went back to M. Laboulaye. There he found a company including Oscar de Lafayette, Henri Martin, Paul de Remusat and others who were descended from men who had fought in the American Revolution.

The conversation turned again to

America, to America's sentiments in the war, and especially American relief to Paris after the siege. Bartholdi repeated what he had heard from the steamer officers at Bordeaux, but Laboulaye reverted to the views he had expressed a few years before. He brought up the forthcoming celebration of the centenary of American independence. It was a chance, he thought, for France to show its sympathy.

"Go to see that country," said he to me," Bartholdi continues. "You will study it, you will bring back to us your impressions. Propose to our friends over there to make with us a monument, a common work, in remembrance of the ancient friendship of France and the United States. We will take up a subscription in France. If you find a happy idea, a plan that will excite public enthusiasm, we are convinced that it will be successful on both continents and we will do a work that will have a far-reaching moral effect."

So was born the idea of the Statue of Liberty.

Bartholdi conceived the idea of the statue as it now stands before he landed in New York, he says. The spectacle of the harbor, with New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and smaller cities spreading from the water's edge and rivers running back into the continent—"it is indeed the new world, which appears in its majestic expanse with the ardor of its glowing life"—implanted the idea. It excluded any other

idea. There must be raised the statue, "grand as the idea which it embodies, radiant upon the two worlds."

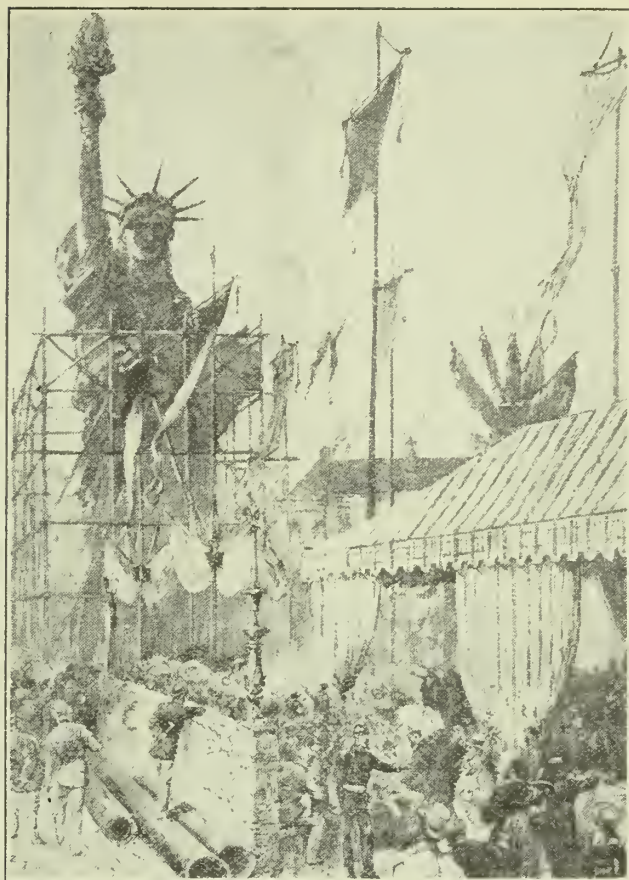
Before he had been long in New York he had made a sketch of the statue on Bedloe's Island. Then he set to work to make his dream a reality. He needed first to Americanize himself. So he traveled up and down the country, going off the European's beaten track, visiting all sorts of people. At the end of five months, he says, he had a more general knowledge of the United States than many Americans have.

When he returned to France he went yet again to the home of Laboulaye and the group so frequently gathered there endorsed his sketch and his plan. They set to work first to raise the necessary money. A million francs—\$200,000—was the figure decided on. Subscription lists were circulated, with the following inscription at the top, signed by M. Laboulaye:

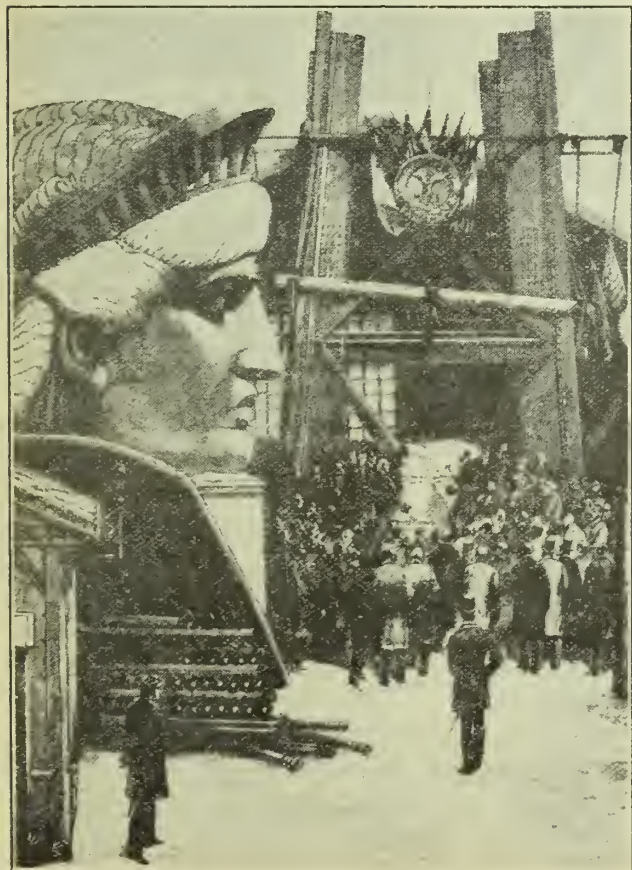
"The Monument of Independence will be executed in common by the two peoples associated in this fraternal work, as they were of old in establishing independence. In this way we declare by an imperishable memorial the friendship that the blood spilled by our fathers sealed between the two nations. It is a treaty of friendship which should be signed by all hearts which feel the love of their country."

In addition to the circulation of subscription lists, exhibitions and fêtes of all kinds were held to raise money.

(Continued on page 14)



Two hundred thousand people viewed the Statue of Liberty in Paris in the latter part of 1883, when it was ready for shipment. From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper



Levi P. Morton, United States Minister to France, driving the rivet of the first piece of the statue to be mounted—the left foot—in Paris, on October 24, 1881, as pictured by a Harper's Weekly artist. The gigantic head at the left gives a good idea of the proportions of the figure



Collectin' souvenirs was my  
feature vice, over acrost



SOME o' you ex-kitchen police officials may remember the words if not the air o' that popular after-the-bawl ballad, "I've Got My Captain Workin' For Me Now."

Well, one nice day about a year after the war I was whistlin' this refrain with much feelin' while on the way to my favorite pool parlor on Sixth Avenue, when who do you think I collides into? Your first guess takes the hen's toothpaste.

It was my old captain!

Bein' a free citizen and no longer under his thumb nail, so to speak, I just kept my hands in my pockets and kept on whistlin' the raspberry version of "El Capitain." Likell I did. What I really did was to snap into a regular pay-day attention and execute a hand salute which was choppiest than the harbor at Brest. You see, my old skipper *rated* a salute. It was a pleasure to slip him a bunch o' fives. Here was one hard-boiled egg which had no yellow in the inner tubin'. Here was a captain which knew good men when he seen 'em. Didn't he promote me to corporal? Oui, from the gutter to a corporal, that was the story o' my rise—until I got busted by acclamation.

"Gee, I'm tickled to meetcha, Cap'n," was my amiable crack, as we shook like we used to on meetin' each other

## A Flier in the Ointment

A  
Buck O'Dee  
Story

By EUGENE E.  
MORGAN

Illustrated by  
Percy L. Crosby

in the army—only in them days I done the shakin' for both of us.

"Buck O'Dee!" he cries. "You're lookin' immense. I'd hardly know you in civvies. Where are you stoppin'?"

"Just stoppin' traffic," I was on the point o' tellin' him, but it occurred to me that he meant which hotel was I stoppin' at. You see, he didn't know yet that I was lurkin' in a hallroom and that I had cast my fortunes at the great city instead o' my home town o' Skaggerack, N. J.

"My billet is on the hallroom circuit," I tells the skipper. "Cap'n, I'm a naturalized New Yorker. I've gone into business here."

"Really?"

"We-ell, not really. Just slavin' in the stockroom of a movin' picture exchange, which means I'm jugglin' canned drama instead o' goldfish. But say, Cap'n, how's all the old gang? Do you ever hear from the top-kicker? If I ever meet him in civilians I'll knock his—"

"Yes, I've met a number of the old crowd," says Capt. Spencer. "And they all ask about you."

"What for—I don't owe 'em a red cent. Wow! Old A Company was a great bunch, wasn't they, Cap'n? Remember the time you put us all in arrest for fightin' the Limeys, and the time you raided the dice game and told



us we couldn't shoot craps or read Chaucer or nothin' till we knew our general orders, and the rotten chow we got at Esteblois, and the time Lieut. Blumenthal got cracked goin' over the top, and what the cook says to the top-kicker at Beautemps, and the time you tried me for A. W. O. L., and the second looys we drew with rations—"

But say, me and Capt. Spencer might of been talkin' yet, only the skipper looked at his watch—and then excused himself as havin' a pressin' business engagement.

Well, we parted bon ami, and I resumed whistlin' about my captain workin' for me. Only the chorus was due to be jerked inside out, for in the course of a few weeks I was workin' for him! That is, thro' the captain's help, I landed a job with a big New York collection agency, and Capt. Spencer and his folks was part owners o' the business.

It wasn't the first time I had worked in a collection agency. The last col-

lection agency I had embellished was the A. E. F. We collected, what I mean! If it wasn't a Austrian helmet or a German head-skuttle, then it was a Looger pistol or a feldwebel's field glasses; or maybe it was a 155-point shell casin' engraved by a Russian prisoner, or a silver weddin' ring hampered from a franc, when a franc was still five cognacs to the dollar.

**C**OLLECTIN' souvenirs was my feature vice, over acrost. So it was an easy step to go into the business o' collectin' for a livin'. Only the hired hands o' this New York agency didn't collect souvenirs. As far as I could see, they only collected insults and alibis and stalls and gilt-edged promises and busted jaws. Once in awhile they collected some money without runnin' the debtor thro' the wash-ringer o' the law. When this happened there was great rejoicin' and feastin' and prayer.

Man, it was some relief to take off from that movin' picture exchange, where a guy had no chance to rise unless he touched off the fillums with a match. Now I was a full-fledged collector o' the Raikes & Garner Collection Agency, Inc. Here was a chance for a ambitious young feller to rise—at least, that's what the manager, Mr. Membrane, told me the first day on the new job.

Helnose, I wanted to rise in this world. In fact, havin' caught New York's spirit o' progress I was bound to rise. Squads yeast!

Well, in the first place I now had to rise and shine at an early date in order to get to work, because the offices o' this agency was 'way out in Harlem, and as any Broadway bosco will tell you, when you're out in Harlem or Wyoming you're only campin' out. And I'll always remember that first day as a deadbeat scourge. This job gave me plenty o' chance for risin', I'll tell you those. All the debtors I

"Commander," I says, "do you really mean to take up this ship? Why, your record as a flier in the British Navy is a hunk o' cheese. Can you even lift that benzine buggy off the water?"





was presumed to pay social calls upon happened to dwell on the fifth floor of a walk-up apartment house. They called 'em walk-ups because there was no elevators, altho' the fragrance o' garlic and cabbage was strong enough to bounce a freight elevator up and down the air shaft.

I noticed that none o' these packed apartment buildin's was designated as a walk-down. If I could be sure o' walkin' down, I wouldn't o' worried. But when you talk to a 245-pound dame who lives on the top layer of a walk-up about the bill she owes on a piano player which will neither work nor play, a dread comes over you that maybe this is a drag-out or dive-off apartment. One hostile dame in a walk-up knocked the talk-up out o' me.

But Mr. Membrane, my boss, wouldn't let me be discouraged.

"Just stick it out," he says. "Of course collectin' ain't easy. It takes experts and birds with nerve and resourcefulness. But you'll get the hang of it pretty soon. You gotta get caloused to snubs and imperious to insults."

"Say, if I was imperious to insults I'd never lasted under the top sergeant we had in our outfit," I tells him. "When he started slingin' opprobriums he made your family tree look like forked lightnin' an' tussock moths had struck it simultaneous. That baby could *insult*, what I mean."

"Quit your braggin'," says Mr. Membrane. "I bet we got classier defamers on our callin' list. Some o' them tough mugs can expose all your

family skeletons doin' the hula hula dance in Tiffany's window. Now take this address. Go out and call on this family which owes \$79.50 on a \$25 set o' 'The Lives o' Famous Poles, from Kosciusko to Doc Cook'."

There was only one reason why I stuck to that job like oatmeal to a mess kit. And that was because Capt. Spencer had planted me into it and expected me to make good. I had never failed him in France. Why, say, if I had, maybe the Kaiser would be dishin' out the postmaster and prohibition jobs here now, what?

**T**HIS here ex-skipper o' mine was one lucky guy. His family was filthy with stocks and bonds and business interests and New York property, includin' some measly 18-story office shacks, some Riverside drive dumps known as apartment hotels, a few auto tourist camp sites in the vicinity o' Broad and Wall and a abandoned cow pasture near Broadway and 42nd. They was an old New York family; I mean they was really begat there instead of in Oskaloosa, Ia., or Steamboat Springs, Colo., like a few o' them haughty Easterners you only meet when you wanta cool off.

But my captain wasn't as happy with all his jack as I was with my walk-up and clatter-down job. I'll put you wise:

One night I paid a call on him in his palatial Riverside Drive apartment. A high brown elevator man, full o' brass buttons and native Jamaica gin-

ger, shot me up to the floor containin' the captain's sweet.

"Gee, Cap'n, this is like a bachelor's den in the movies," I gasps, gazin' around at the Louis Quince furniture and paper hangin'. "You're a lucky bachelor, and sittin' pretty, no foolin'."

He groans and gives his English pipe a vicious knock.

"O'Dee, it's a dog's life," he says.

"Cap'n, you surprise me. Why, you got everything a feller needs—"

"Not everything, my boy. There are some things which money can't purchase, you know."

I never knew no such thing, but agreein' with one's skipper is the best policy. And then I found out what was blisterin' his soul. He emptied into himself a glass which had been loaded with Scotch up to the kilts, and then he begun ravin'. Of course it was a woman. Who else ever sends a guy clean off his dip? This gal lived with her parents in a Long Island cuntry estate, and they stood so high in the social register that you had to get a ladder to reach for their names.

Captain Spencer was simply crazy over pretty little Mathilda St. Claridge, o' the St. Claridges o' Drouthampton, L. I. But he wasn't bossin' Mathilda like he used to boss his company in the Curly Wolf Division. Handlin' this little dollar princess wasn't like postin' a order on the bulletin board outside the orderly room. When he thought he had her where he wanted her, she'd run out on him and go steppin' with some ex-aviator.

(Continued on page 17)

## Mr. Burbank Enjoys His Own Arbor Day



Luther Burbank on his seventy-sixth birthday shakes hands with Ben Steiger, Commander of Theodore Roosevelt Post of The American Legion, on the site of Burbank Park, Santa Rosa, California. One hundred Legionnaires of Roosevelt Post spent the day laying out graveled walks and digging trenches for the water supply system of a section of the park which the post is developing. Mr. Burbank helped make the Legion's workday notable by planting a tree to Santa Rosa's war dead.

with flowers and plants he has found incidentally the secret of prolonging the productive period of man himself far beyond the Biblical span.

At Santa Rosa, California, where he is still supervising 3,000 extensive experiments, where he now has growing more than 5,000 distinct botanical specimens from all parts of the world, Luther Burbank celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday, and Theodore Roosevelt Post of The American Legion of Santa Rosa was foremost among those who gave him honor.

One hundred Legionnaires of Santa Rosa on Mr. Burbank's birthday helped complete a park which has been dedicated to the scientist, and as they worked Mr. Burbank strolled among them. For hours the Legionnaires labored with spade and pick and shovel, laying out hundreds of feet of graveled roadway bordered with saplings, and digging trenches for the water pipes which will keep a garden blooming the year 'round. They completed the improvements on ten acres of the forty-acre municipal tract which will be known as Burbank Park—soon to be one of the show places of a show State.

Mr. Burbank made the day doubly notable by planting a tree in memory of Santa Rosa's war dead—a paradox walnut, one of his own creations, a fast-growing tree of luxuriant foliage.

**T**HE year 1849 was a great year for California. Everyone knows that this was the year of the big gold rush. But perhaps even more important to California than the gold rush was the birth of a boy on the seventh of March in 1849 in the little town of Lancaster, Massachusetts.

That boy was called Luther Burbank. And Luther Burbank's name in the seventy-six years that have elapsed since 1849 has acquired a glamour that is more than golden. It is a name that

blazes in the imagination, a name associated with wonders and miracles and California. For Luther Burbank stands as the world's greatest naturalist, a man who took common plants and fruits and flowers and produced marvelous new varieties of living things, thereby making an incalculable contribution to the world's future food supply and its stock of loveliness. He is still working his miracles with growing things, and in his seventy-seventh year it sometimes seems that in his experiments



"I WANT a quarter, daddy, for the soldiers' orphans," demanded the seven-year old son of a Legionnaire in Helena, Arkansas, a few weeks since.

"You do, eh?" exclaimed the father, making no move in the direction of his right-hand pants pocket. "What have you done this week that I should give you a quarter? Have you done without anything to assist these orphans?"

"Sure. I haven't been to a movie for more'n a week. That was to save the money you would of gimme for movies, so's I could have it for the orphans. Let me have a quarter, please, daddy."

"Now look here," directed the veteran, inwardly pleased, but willing to carry the argument further, "what makes you so blamed interested in these war orphans all of a sudden?"

"Well, a man from The American Legion came to school and told us about all the kids that haven't got any daddies because of the war. And mamma told me today that you were in France and didn't see me until I was more than a year old. She says that if God hadn't taken awful good care of you I might have been one of those orphans that haven't got any daddies. Gimme that quarter, please, daddy."

Daddy dug up the quarter. He had to, for small son had earned it by sacrificing his weekly movies. And, even if the seven-year old had not come arguing for it, the Legionnaire was going to dig up a whole lot more than two bits before the Helena campaign was over. He knew a little about the need for the Endowment Fund—and if a man knows even a little about it, he gives all he can.

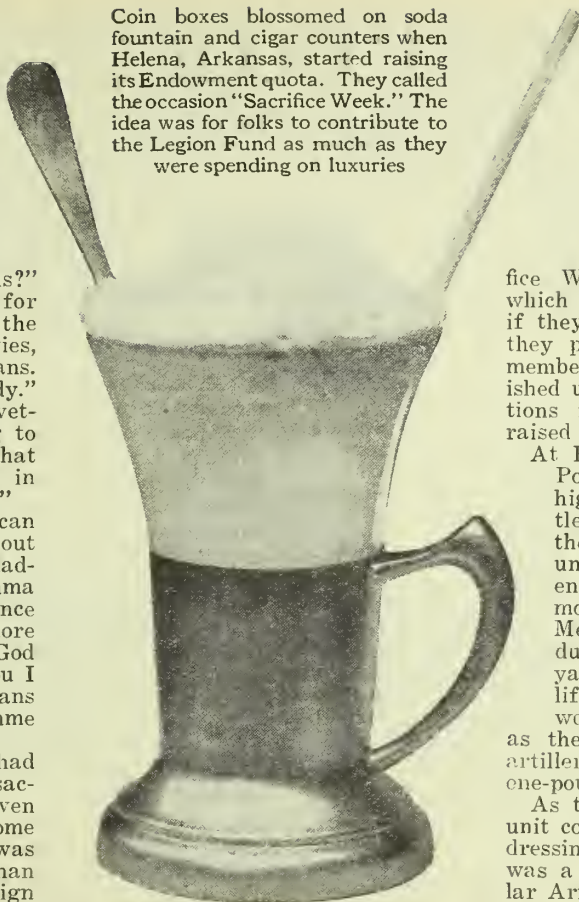
They didn't call it "American Legion Endowment Fund Week", not in Helena. They called it "Sacrifice Week", and played it up through every possible channel of publicity as a week when it was every Helenan's duty to sacrifice something in order that he might give to relieve the distress of the disabled men and the orphans of veterans.

For a few days before, and during the first two or three days of Sacrifice Week, Legionnaires under the direction of Post Commander H. K. Young made talks before business men's organizations, schools, church organizations, and so on. They did their level best to see that every possible person might hear their message—but they did not accept any subscriptions. They were merely doing the missionary work.

The first day of the formal campaign there blossomed out a crop of coin boxes on cigar counters, soda fountains, and other places where folks spend money in moderate amounts for almost purely luxury purposes. The boxes were labeled with the name and purpose of Sacrifice Week—and the reader was asked to do his share by giving, then and there, as much as he was spending on that luxury item. All he had to do was drop it in the contribution box.

On Wednesday afternoon they made the first complete collection from all the boxes. Helena's quota for the Endowment Fund had been set at \$2,500—a sizable quota for a city of 6,000 people. In the first three days of Sacrifice Week, without a single personal solicitation, Helena raised \$2,100. It

Coin boxes blossomed on soda fountain and cigar counters when Helena, Arkansas, started raising its Endowment quota. They called the occasion "Sacrifice Week." The idea was for folks to contribute to the Legion Fund as much as they were spending on luxuries



# Why Daddy Kicked In with a Quarter

By A. V. LEVERING

was all done by the coin boxes. And of course, before Sacrifice Week was completed, the quota was considerably exceeded.

Here is a plan which works particularly well for a town where the Legion has asked—and received—a good deal from the townspeople. Helena's post had recently completed a new clubhouse, with a good deal of aid from the town. While the Endowment Fund project is in no sense a selfish enterprise and bears no relation to any post's individual activities, still the

non-Legion public is not likely to distinguish very carefully between the two kinds of activity.

Helena Legionnaires felt that their townspeople might, at first thought, say: "What is the Legion asking for this time? We just got through giving them some money for a clubhouse." That is why they called the week "Sacrifice Week", and devised a plan by which folks could give to the fund if they wished to, or could abstain if they preferred. Of course, the post members would have gone out and finished up the job by individual solicitations if the coin-box plan had not raised the city's quota in a hurry.

At Hot Springs, Warren Townsend Post raised public interest to a high point by staging a sham battle and parade, all of it right in the middle of town. The hospital unit of the Arkansas guardsmen encamped, pitching tents at the most prominent street intersection. Meanwhile, Legionnaire infantry dug trenches in the court house yard—the sod had previously been lifted, so that no lasting damage would be done to the lawn. As soon as the infantry was intrenched, the artillery laid down a barrage of blank one-pounders.

As the battle went on, the hospital unit conveyed the wounded back to the dressing station. After the battle there was a big parade consisting of Regular Army troops, National Guardsmen, patients of the Army and Navy Hospital, Gold Star mothers and Legionnaires. In the evening, General Duncan, commanding officer of the corps area, delivered the principal address at a mass meeting.

Of course Warren Townsend Post raised its share of the State quota. The people of Hot Springs had been set to talking about the Endowment Fund by reason of the sham battle, and the publicity it had had in the newspapers. Everything went through like clockwork.

Publicity played an important part in the Arkansas campaign. Not a little of this publicity had to do with the work which the Legion has done in Arkansas for individual cases of need.

One of the news stories which was printed all over the State had to do with John John, an eleven-year old orphan of an English soldier who died on the Somme. John's mother brought him to this country two or three years ago, and provided for him until she deserted him in Texarkana on Christmas Eve of 1923. John wandered about until members of Roy V. Kinard Post at El Dorado picked him up.

The post found a home for him with Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Bicknell, respectively members of the Legion and of the Auxiliary. The Bicknells provide the home surroundings, food and lodging; the Legion post provides clothing and school supplies and pays all other expenses of John's upkeep. And John spends most of his spare time, outside school hours, boosting the Legion in El Dorado.

Then there is the case of Saied Mar Deem, Assyrian by birth, who joined the Army in June of 1917. He went through a lot of fighting with the Third Division and got a good whiff of

(Continued on page 20)



# EDITORIAL

**F**OR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

## A Boom Has Two Sides

We view with alarm the increasing love of luxury which permeates all classes of our community and the riotous extravagance everywhere shown in gratifying this mania, thus courting, as a nation, final disaster. Our Army fought and our men died to establish forever among us the ideals of sacrifice, unselfishness and brotherhood. We, therefore, protest with all our energy against the extravagance shown in dress and manner of living, against the spending of money on unnecessary social affairs and against costly public functions which are of no real value. At this time of national stress, when as a nation we are faced with enormous financial responsibility, we call upon our fellow citizens for plain and economical habits of life. We summon our country to a return to Spartan simplicity.—*From the Declaration of Principles adopted by the national convention of the Great War Veterans Association of Canada.*

**W**HAT is happening in Canada—whether one view it with alarm or complacently—is, after all, what is happening in the United States. Business and industry ride on time as a roller coaster, speeding for a few years madly up to peaks of opulence and expansion, then plunging dizzily down to low levels of depression and retrenchment. Undeniably, at this time, the United States is still on the upgrade or riding the crest, and optimism and expansion know no brakes. Prosperity is as dazzling as a huge, gorgeous bubble in which are seen, swimming in the opalescent film of our hopes, greater glories yet to come. Factories are busy, money rates are easy, with ample funds available for new business growth, farming conditions in most sections are recovering after the setbacks of recent years—everywhere there is confidence and the feeling that as things are now they will continue to be for a long time.

The inevitable accompaniments of prosperity are a flaunting of wealth and bursts of extravagance, but these are only the by-products. The principal products of a period of prosperity are multifold physical improvements. New factory buildings spring up. Houses and apartment buildings multiply. Railroad transportation facilities are bettered. Machinery for the farms is sold in vast quantities. The paving of highways proceeds rapidly. The standards of living go upward and upward, and one-time luxuries become comforts and necessities. The astounding production of automobiles, and the adaptation of motor cars to practical uses rather than pleasure, are typical of the whole process. In periods of prosperity the country consolidates the gains it has made in the harder plugging of less productive periods. In these boom periods inventions are perfected and chance-taking capital is willing to risk large sums in the hope of making larger profits in providing new mechanical appliances to make living more comfortable or more pleasure for the great middle ranks of the public whose buying power is the very foundation of prosperity. The marvelous development of the radio industry is an example.

Future historians will have to give the proper estimate of the present period of prosperity, but most Americans have acumen enough to recognize the visible evidences of that prosperity and to plan their own activities so that they may share its benefits. Meanwhile, of course, the fearful, the hesitant and the alarmist by nature will find plenty of reasons to deplore existing conditions and the tendencies of the times. And they will be largely right. What they

see they will see truly, but they will not see the whole picture. They will look at the shadows and find in them sermons of forebodings, while they ignore the high lights of the picture of our national life which reflect happiness and progress. Those who habitually play a bull market on the human race, observing the antics of a bored and playful aristocracy of dollars, will quote Goldsmith's ringing words, spoken of another country and another age:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

Most of us, however, will preserve a philosophic detachment while wealth accumulates and men decay. We know that peace differs from war only in degree, and that the average man comes out best when he works his hardest, does his full duty, and lets the outcome take care of itself. When Nature is the commanding general in the continuous campaign of human events, the average man is powerless to affect the course of battle—as powerless as a single pack-carrying private in the trenches. So the average man does what the soldier does—carries on.

Prosperity is a fact. We have come far and we are traveling fast. Today is pretty good, and tomorrow looks even better. It's a good time to carry on.

## No Double-Headed

**I**T SEEMS unlikely at this writing that the Army General Staff will push its plan to have Armistice Day made the occasion for this year's observance of Defense Day. It is the Legion's view, embodied in a resolution adopted by the Sixth Annual Convention last September, that the day selected for the first observance of Defense Day in 1924—September 12th—was satisfactory from every point of view, and that that date should be made the occasion of an annual observance of Defense Day.

The Legion has been following with interest the deliberations of the General Staff on this subject, and a representative Legion reaction may be found in a resolution adopted by Albany (Georgia) Post, which, "while sympathizing fully with the policy of Defense Day observance and endorsing the peace-time mobilization of the civil and military strength of the nation once each year," believes nevertheless that "the selection of Armistice Day for the purpose is untimely."

We already have something to celebrate on Armistice Day—the end of the most devastating war in which mankind ever engaged, the triumph of the principle of democracy over the principle of despotism. That event looks important enough in world history to make its observance enough for one brief twenty-four hours. Holidays do not double up well. Let down the bars and make November 11th do for two events, and a precedent would be established for similar incursions on Memorial Day and the Fourth of July. If Defense Day is worth observing at all, it is worth a day to itself.

♦ ♦ ♦

The girl who used to help her mother tidy up the house now refuses to dust off anything but her nose.

♦ ♦ ♦

Experienced vacationists expect to select a place this year where the landlord doesn't figure that one swallow makes a summer boarder's dinner.

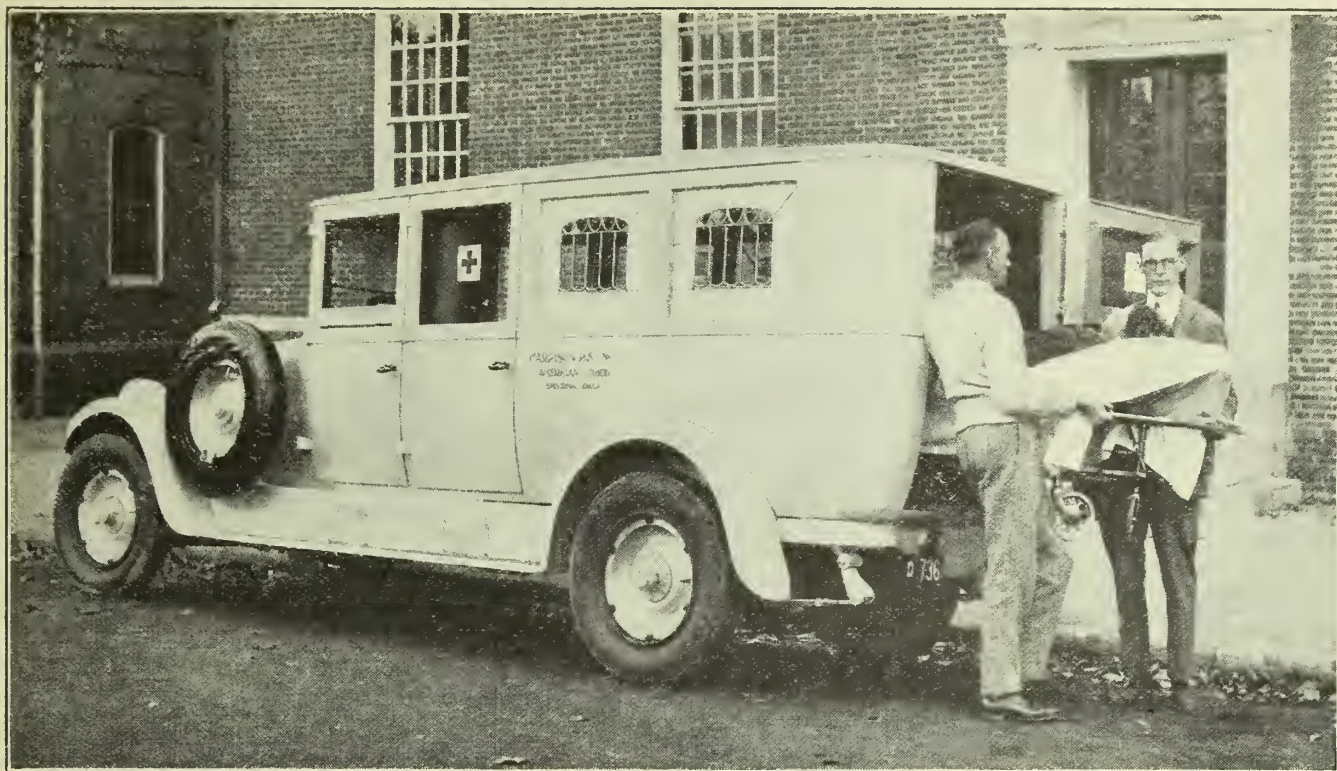
♦ ♦ ♦

In Chicago a bridge player held a perfect hand—thirteen hearts—and scored a grand slam. His partner still insists, however, that he could have played it differently and got more out of it.

♦ ♦ ♦

Next to stepping on a nutmeg grater with a bare foot in the dark nothing ruins a good disposition like waiting in line in the postoffice for a woman to settle up for three one-half cent stamps and a one.





A string of deadly automobile accidents along a boulevard that cuts through their home town gave Harrison Post Legionnaires of Smyrna, Delaware, the idea that led them to buy the best ambulance motor car builders could make to serve all the people of their community. Now not only victims of auto accidents, but also the sick and injured over a wide section of towns and countryside are carried in the Legion ambulance when minutes mean life or death.

Post Commander William E. Matthews, Jr., (right) and Post Adjutant Wick are shown in the photograph

# They Won't Stop Till They've Opened *the* Hospital

**B**EING a forefather was all right as long as one kept out of the way of falling trees, developed agility dodging arrows of envious Indians and didn't fall a victim to typhoid fever or other ailments produced by drinking water from questionable streams. But being a forefather flat on one's back from injuries or sickness isn't a picture which any historian will rhapsodize over. In the days when doctors rode on horseback, the forefather who got in the way of a falling tree or flying arrow had a long time to think over his past life before the surgeon galloped up to tell whether or not he was going to die.

The foregoing is intended to serve as a proper contrast for life as it is lived today in and about Smyrna, Delaware, where concrete roads have replaced trails, where every town bungalow and every farmhouse has its telephone and almost every one a radio set, where doctors travel in fast six-cylinder automobiles, and where the chances of getting hurt are just about ten times as many and varied as they were in the days of the pioneers.

The new day has brought new needs—and so Harrison Post of The American Legion in Smyrna, after casting about for the best service it could render its community, bought a community

ambulance. It got the idea for buying the ambulance in the first place because of a string of deadly automobile accidents along DuPont Boulevard, which cleaves through town and countryside and makes of every crossroad and hill and curve a potential deathspot.

Only a few months after the post conceived its idea, the shining white ambulance—the best product of motor car builders—was on the streets of Smyrna, while the whole town and hundreds of farmers joined in applauding Legion initiative. The post raised funds for the ambulance in many ways. At first it looked like an up-hill job—the town had been raked for cash by almost every other organization it supported. So, last autumn, when the Legion launched its effort to get money for an ambulance, there was some groaning in Smyrna.

But the need of the ambulance, the possibilities of its use, speedily captured the town's imagination. Newspapers and church pastors talked it up. The post began to give benefit entertainments to raise funds. It took passengers up in airplanes, and the fare they paid went into the ambulance fund. It gave motion picture shows and carnivals. It gave musicales. And finally, it sent Legionnaires to call upon everybody living in Smyrna, in sur-

rounding towns and in the country. So the money was raised—and nobody had given more than he could afford and everybody had a comfortable feeling at joining in a good community work.

A half dozen towns and all the farmers roundabout took part in a big celebration in honor of the ambulance's arrival for service. A big parade was held, led by state troopers. Fire companies were in it with their engines. The lodges marched, in all their colorful regalia. There were many floats representing the town's enterprise and industries. In this parade, the ambulance held continuous interest. Following the parade, Post Commander William E. Matthews, Jr., formally presented the ambulance to the community. In accepting it on behalf of the community, Rev. John J. Bunting, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, praised the Legion for its public service and said that the ambulance symbolized the work the Legion is doing in peace after the destruction of war.

The twenty members of Harrison Post have not formed a mutual admiration society. While the ambulance goes on its daily trips of mercy, Harrison Post is quietly pushing forward a movement to establish a hospital in Smyrna.



# Addressed to You

By Wallgren

## THIS IS "BETTER MAILING WEEK"

— SET ASIDE BY POSTMASTER GENERAL NEW IN AN EFFORT TO DECREASE THE CONSTANTLY GROWING BUSINESS OF THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

YES - ALL THIS MAIL IS GOING TO THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE - AND THE SAD PART OF IT IS I KNOW MOST OF THE PEOPLE ITS FOR, BUT THEY'VE ALL MOVED WITHOUT NOTIFYING ANYONE OF THEIR CHANGE OF ADDRESS !!

WOT!!? WHY THAT'S AN OUTRAGE!! I'LL BET THAT'S WHERE ALL MY MAIL'S BEEN GOING TOO!! I THOUGHT YOU POSTMAN WERE SUPPOSED TO TAKE CARE OF ALL THAT CHANGING, ETC.!!?

HERE'S A LETTER ADDRESSED TO CORPORAL PUNISHMUN"

TAKE IT TO THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE - IT'S NOT ADDRESSED PROPERLY! - I WAS A SARGINT - NOT A CORPORAL!!



THE PUBLIC SHOULD LEND ALL POSSIBLE AID.

I'M CALLING AUNT ALMA LONG DISTANCE TO BE SURE I HAVE HER ADDRESS RIGHT ON THIS POSTCARD I'M SENDING HER - THIS IS BETTER MAILING WEEK Y'KNOW!!



ATLANTIC CITY TO ROCHESTER, N.Y.)

THINK OF THE MILLIONS OF PICTURE POSTCARDS THAT ARE WASTED BY CARELESS TOURISTS BY NOT BEING PROPERLY DIRECTED.

POSTMEN ARE SUPPOSED TO BE CLAIRVOYANT -?



TAKING IT SERIOUSLY JOHN?

MY GOSH, THAT REMINDS ME!! I'VE GOT A POCKETFUL OF LETTERS I'VE BEEN CARRYING AROUND FOR WEEKS FORGETTING TO MAIL 'EM!!



DEAD LETTER OFFICE :- MANS INSIDE COAT POCKET

NO MAIL!!? OH, NOW I'M SURE HE DOESN'T LOVE ME!! THIS IS BETTER MAILING WEEK AND STILL HE HASN'T WRITTEN TO ME!!

EXCUSE ME LADY - MAYBE THIS ONE IS MEANT FOR YOU? IT'S ADDRESSED - "Dearest"!!?

(AND SHE'S WRITTEN HIM 4 ALREADY)



TAKING IT LITERALLY —

BAH!!! THIS 'BETTER MAILING WEEK' BUSINESS IS ALL BUNK!! - THE ONLY MAIL ADDRESSED TO ME THAT EVER GOES TO THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE MUST BE FROM PEOPLE WHO OWE ME MONEY!!

(BILLS, BILLS, BILLS - VACATION RESORT LITERATURE - ADS, ETC.)



SOME PEOPLE ALWAYS SEEM TO GET THEIR MAIL ADDRESSED PROPERLY —

FRANC TERROR

I WON'T PUT ANY STAMPS ON IT - I'LL JUST MARK IT COLLECT!!

I FORGET WHAT STREET - I'LL JUST ADDRESS IT TO 'PIERRE JENKINS, WASHINGTON - EVERYBODY KNOWS HIM DOWN THERE - HE'S SO POPULAR!!

I DUNNO WHETHER IT'S CARNATION OR GERANIUM STREET?? - GUESS I'LL JUST PUT ROSE - THAT'S EASIER TO SPELL ANYWAY!!



POST ADJUTANTS SHOULD TAKE IT TO HEART - AND MAKE IT A HABIT.



WHY LETTERS GO TO THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE - APPARENTLY .

30/6-25



# A PERSONAL PAGE

## by Frederick Palmer

There is always one sure prescription to make one a better American. As I am already homesick, it promises to be as efficacious on this as on previous occasions. For this week finds me "over there"; and, for the next three or four weeks, the Page will be about what I am seeing and thinking in a hurried trip in Europe.

### *We Take a Trip*

It was strange to me, when we reached the old submarine zone, not to have the ship start zigzagging, not to see convoy destroyers on the job, not to have the ports darkened at night. That is why anybody who crossed during the war is always bound to have a different view of the voyage from that of those who cross in time of peace.

As we dropped anchor off the coast of France, at Boulogne, the sight of the French pilot coming aboard made me wonder who would have received us if America had not gone into the war. The answer is that the pilot would have been a German. So I am writing for those who were in the war and prevented a German pilot from having a Frenchman's job, and prevented a good many other things, too.

What does the man who fought us think of us now? The German knows that our entry into the war turned the scales against him. He says of our soldiers: "They kept coming, more and more of them, and they wouldn't stop. It was no use. We had to quit." He is not bitter against us, at present. His bitterness is against the French. The attitude of the French since the war, he thinks, has been responsible for his troubles since the war. He sees the French as vain over a victory which other nations won for them. He can have no peace in his heart with the French. But he is inclined to court us for the same reason that others court us. He wants to borrow more money from us.

### *As Germany Sees Us*

Some people at home think that the Germans were not beaten; that the Allied Armies ought to have gone to Berlin and finished the job. Seven years afterward you have only to walk the streets of Berlin to realize that they were beaten. They had over two million dead. They went hungry. They had the strength wrung out of them.

Though they still eat heavily when they can get the food and they get fat drinking beer, their patched and shoddy clothes tell the story of the tremendous wallop they received. If they had no devastated regions they had the devastation of their pride and their prosperity.

The mark fell until it became worthless. The old standard of money value was wiped out. No adjusted compensation for German soldiers. No interest ever to be paid on war bonds which are of no value except as souvenir scraps of paper. Those who had saved money for a rainy day found that it was gone when the rainy day came. Old men and women and widows and orphans lost their inheritances. They must work at what they can to eke out a living.

No country has been cursed with such a class of war and inflation profiteers as Germany. They got the only German reward of the war.

More than a billion dollars gold of the old marks were bought by foreigners for the rise. All was lost. German profiteers got this gold, which is more than the total sum which the Germans have paid the Allies in reparations. A few of the profiteer rich can own cars. But there are no traffic gorges in the streets of Berlin. Flivvers are beyond the dream of the mass.

General Dawes' plan, with its two hundred million dollar loan as the basis for a stable currency, has started Germany afresh. Once she is on her feet she is due to begin payments to the Allies. Will she ever meet those payments? To do so Germans must live close, sell more goods than they buy to get a big trade balance. The moral of it all is: Do not be led into a foolish war, but, if you are, make sure that you win the war.

A company in that German green which we knew at close quarters in France is marching past my window as

### *The German Army To-day*

I write. These soldiers of the new Reichswehr are as rigid as the picked regiments of the German Army in the days of the Kaiser's reviews. The Versailles Treaty limits their number to one hundred thousand. Their commander, General von Seeckt, a leader of the old school, must seek quality instead of quantity. He is making the best that hard drill can develop out of picked officers and men. If there were a million of such soldiers as the Reichswehr, supported by artillery, aircraft and gas, we might look for war very soon on the Polish frontier. It is Poland, not France, toward which German eyes are turned as the first step in the recovery of German territory. Germany wants Silesia and Dantzic back. She thinks that she ought to have them. One day she means to have them, if not by negotiation, then by force.

The Germans are not arming in the sense of artillery, military aircraft and men armed with rifles. The Allied

### *Is Germany Secretly Arming?*

Commissions, so far as I can learn, keep too strict a watch to permit that. But there are more uniforms in Germany, it seems to me, than before the war. Almost every German wears some kind of a cap of the club or society to which he belongs. When the clubs and societies parade they march like soldiers. If they are ever needed as soldiers they will, at least, know how to march. And it is the youth who have come to manhood since the war who are most addicted to the caps and societies; it is they whose eyes glitter when they look toward the Polish frontier.

If you were in France you remember how the French children used to clamor for "choosing goom". Yet all the

### *Fritz Now Chews Gum*

advertisements of the gum supplies left by our Army in France failed to introduce the habit in France past French parental objection. Now the Germans have taken it up with increasing vigor of jaws. There is a heavy tariff to protect the home manufacturers of chewing gum. Said an American resident: "Since the Germans took to chewing gum and the Dawes plan was applied they growl less about the Fourteen Points and the Versailles Treaty and feel better generally.



# DIAMONDS WATCHES JEWELRY 10 MONTHS TO PAY

Pay only \$2.00 down after inspection and balance in ten monthly payments. Dealings confidential. No red tape or delay. Money back guarantee certificate with each purchase. Ten days free trial. Send trial order.

**No. C-2 No. S-3**

This popular diamond cluster ring has seven best quality genuine diamonds set in solid platinum. The seven brilliant diamonds sparkle and flash like a 2 carat solitaire. Two blue sapphires are set in the 18 kt. gold ring. Pay \$2.00 down and \$5.00 a month for 10 months.

**No. C-5 No. S-4**

Seven extra brilliant sparkling blue white, best quality genuine diamonds, set in solid platinum. Two blue sapphires set in 18 kt. white gold ring. Pay \$2.00 down and \$5.00 a month for 10 months.

**No. S-3**

The blue white genuine diamond in this latest style engraved 18 karat solid white gold ring sparkles with all the colors of the rainbow. Two blue sapphires set off this gorgeous diamond to best advantage. It will stand any test. Pay \$2.00 deposit and \$5.00 a month for 10 months.

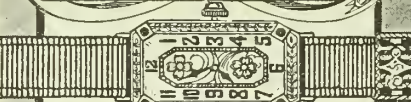
**No. 42**

Pay only \$2.00 deposit and \$4.00 a month for 10 months for this small sized 14 karat solid gold wrist watch. FOUR BLUE WHITE GENUINE DIAMONDS are set in the engraved case. Former price \$52.00. Reduced now to \$42.00.

**ORDER FROM THIS LIST**

Carat... \$25.00	1/2 Carat... \$147.75
"... \$49.25	1 " ... \$197.00
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"... \$73.75	2 " ... \$295.50
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Each diamond guaranteed genuine blue white. Pay 10% down and 10% a month.



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It tells you all facts about diamonds. It is just like having a big jewelry store full of diamonds, watches, etc., right in your home.

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(Diamond Importers - \$1,000,000 Stock - Est. 1879)  
63 PARK ROW, Dept. 1950, NEW YORK

**TEAR OUT AND MAIL**

**STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO., Inc.**  
63 Park Row, Dept. 1950, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I have selected.....Size.....

☐ Please send it to me at the bank or express office written in the margin below for free inspection.

☐ I enclose \$2.00 as a deposit to show my good faith. Please send it direct to my home for 10 days' trial.

☐ Just send your big bargain catalog to me, so that I can order my selection from the thousands of bargains pictured in it.

Your Name.....

Local Address.....

City & State.....

## She's Forty Years Old

(Continued from page 5)

Gounod, the composer of the opera "Faust", wrote a hymn which was sung at the Paris Opéra, dedicated to the Statue of Liberty. The birth of the work was formally celebrated November 6, 1875, at a banquet at the Hôtel du Louvre, at which the notables of Paris, men of the political, literary and artistic worlds, were present. To give the American people an idea of what was planned the right hand was executed in its true size and sent to Philadelphia for the Centennial Exposition of 1876. Sixteen feet, five inches high, the index finger alone being eight feet long, it was a striking exhibit.

Meanwhile the American people busied themselves. Early in 1877 a meeting was called in the Century Club, New York, at which a committee of three hundred was appointed to take charge of the American part of the program. It was necessary to raise funds for the pedestal on which the statue was to stand and to get certain legislation through Congress.

On recommendation of President Hayes, Congress passed a resolution authorizing the President to designate a site for the statue. The President appointed General W. T. Sherman to inspect sites and he chose Bedloe's Island. Bedloe's Island, just off the Battery, was named after Isaac Bedlow, who bought it from the Dutch colonial government of New Amsterdam and died in 1672. It was called Kennedy's Island during the Revolution after the commander of the British naval station. Renamed once more for Farmer Bedlow, its spelling underwent a change. After the Revolution it became the property of New York State, and in 1800 was given to the national government. In 1814 a fort was constructed there.

The New York committee began to raise the sum of \$300,000 for the pedestal and also secured the appointment of General Charles Pomeroy Stone as chief engineer. The latter was an interesting figure, having first served as general in the Civil War and then gone to Egypt, where he was for several years a general in the Egyptian army, chief of the department of public works and inspector general of military schools.

In Paris Bartholdi was at work in earnest. He had planned a statue 151 feet high which on its pedestal and base would make a figure in all 305 feet six inches high, an enterprise of colossal proportions. He first made a model one-sixteenth of the final size. After the proportions were worked out in detail this model was enlarged four times. The full-size model could be made only in sections. On the quarter-size model precise and careful measurements had to be made, for the final enlargements. The quarter-size model was divided into sections, each laid off in squares and "pointed off" for measurements. Some sections, like the drapery, needed three hundred points, with one thousand two hundred extra marks. Here is Bartholdi's own explanation of the process:-

"In an immense workshop especially constructed for the work were to be seen four plane surfaces on which the

work was carried on. They were encompassed with frames laid out in numerous divisions. Another similar frame corresponding exactly to the one below was fastened beneath the ceiling of the workshop. Lead wires and rulers hung all around the frames. On these frames thus geometrically laid out, the sculptors executed, in wood and in plaster, enormous fragments of the statue. The sections of the model that they were to reproduce were arranged nearby under corresponding conditions between frames of one-fourth the size. The sculptors executed the enlargement by measurements taken with the compass on the lead wires and the rulers. They first laid out the general form with wooden beams covered with lath work. The wood was then covered with a coating of plaster. They verified the large measurements already established and then executed the reproduction point by point and finished the modeling of the surfaces."

The material used was sheets of copper three-sixteenths of an inch thick, weighing in all one hundred tons.

On October 24, 1881, the anniversary of the battle of Yorktown, all the pieces of the framework and the base were put in place and Levi P. Morton, American minister to France, was invited to drive the rivet of the first piece to be mounted, the left foot. In 1883 the statue was practically finished, but as the work on the pedestal on this side was not far enough advanced it was decided to allow the sculpture to be viewed by the French public. So great was popular interest that it is estimated 200,000 came to look at it.

On this side work was proceeding more slowly because of the delay in getting funds for the pedestal. The technique of "drives" had not been worked out to its present-day efficiency, and publicity was an unknown art. The campaign lagged. It might have died out if the New York *World* had not come to the rescue, driven by the



Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, sculptor of the Statue of Liberty



resistless energy of Joseph Pulitzer. Of the \$300,000 needed for the pedestal \$100,000 was lacking. The *World* started a campaign for that sum, beginning with a donation of \$25,000 on its own account. The *World* asked for no large contributions. It wanted the fund to be a national one, made up of a large number of small sums. It was thus that the money came in—in single dollars, in dimes even. More than 100,000 contributors had been enrolled in the *World's* books before the money was finally raised.

The architect who designed the pedestal was Richard M. Hunt. As the foundation a pit or excavation ninety feet square was made in the center of the old parade ground of the fort. Layer on layer of concrete was added, each smaller than the one beneath, to a height of 65 feet ten inches, on which base the pedestal itself, 89 feet high, began. At the base of the pedestal, on each side, a door was cut, five feet wide and thirteen feet high. On both sides of the doors a projecting stone ledge carries the coats of arms of France and the United States. It was a pedestal and nothing else, designed on the one note of simplicity and dignity, to carry the statue and not to diminish it.

In 1884 the statue itself was finished and on the Fourth of July of that year it was formally presented in Paris by M. de Lesseps, head of the French committee, to Mr. Morton, representing the United States. The work of taking it down and preparing it for shipment to the United States then began. On May 21, 1885, the work of packing it in 210 cases and loading it on board ship was finished, and on that day, with civil and military ceremonies, the French frigate *Isère* weighed anchor in the port of Rouen and started on its historic voyage to New York. It had taken seventeen days to load the statue in its boxed segments.

An idea of the change of scale on the sea in forty years may be gathered from a description of the *Isère*. She had a displacement of 1,350 tons—a small freighter today has 4,000. She could make a speed of nine knots under steam and 10½ under steam and canvas, and had a crew of sixty-five men! And the trip across took twenty-seven days. The *Majestic* or *Berengaria* does it in five and a half.

New York waited. There was no wireless then to report the position of the ship day by day. New York only knew that the *Isère* was on the sea and that she might be expected about the middle of June. Only when she came into sight off Sandy Hook would the city know just when she was arriving. The general belief was that the *Isère* would arrive June 12th, and plans for her reception the next day were completed, but sunrise of that day saw no sign of the *Isère* and the reception was postponed. If wireless had nothing else to its credit, it would at least be a boon to official reception committees.

At daylight June 17th the telegraph operator stationed at Sandy Hook saw a craft of unfamiliar lines faintly in the distance. With his glass fixed on the slowly approaching shape, he waited until it stood out clearly enough to be unmistakable. Then he sat down to his key and spread the



## Who owns the telephone?

For seven carefree years young John Graves worked in the car shops at Orenville, spending his dollars as fast as he earned them. Soon after his promotion to foreman, he was married and moved to a little white house on Orchard Avenue. Life was happier than ever, but spare dollars were not more plentiful, especially after a third member was added to the family.

Then came a day when the plant superintendent showed John the wisdom of saving a part of his earnings, for the satisfaction it would bring, and for protection against emergencies and old age. He and his young wife, for the first time, learned the difficult art of economy, and finally they came to know the joys of saving and of safe investment.

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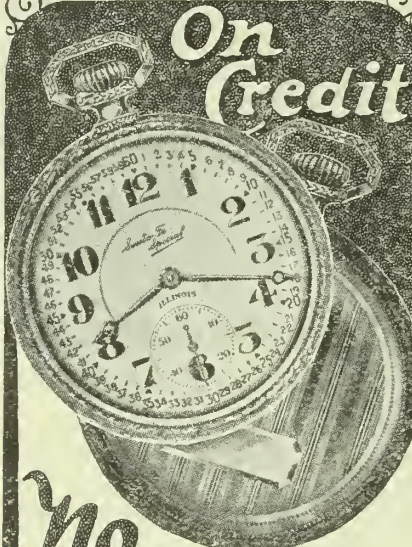
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word New York had been awaiting. The *Isère* had come.

Before the sun was much higher in the heavens New York was astir. Captain Selfridge of the U. S. S. *Omaha* went out in his launch to make an official call on behalf of the Navy. A few minutes later another launch came out with General Stone, the chief engineer; Adolph L. Sanger, president of the Board of Aldermen, and M. Brunaert, French consul general. They were received by Captain Lespinasse de Saune, commander of the *Isère*, in his cabin, where Captain de Saune addressed the delegation as follows:

"I have the honor as representative of France, chosen by the President of that Republic, to present to you this parchment, which is a transfer of the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, from my keeping to that of yours."

Taking the parchment, General Stone made this formal rejoinder:

"Acting for the American Committee of the Statue of Liberty, I accept this certificate of transfer. As an individual I scarcely can express the deep sense of responsibility with which the possession of this document inspires me. As a representative of the American people I can say that no gift ever made by one great nation to another has ever been so highly appreciated and of so much significance as this. I leave to abler hands the formal acceptance of the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World."

And so the Statue of Liberty came into American possession.

Two days later the formal reception took place. The French frigate *La Flore*, with Admiral La Combe on board, arrived for the occasion, while Secretary of the Navy W. C. Whitney came from Washington to represent the national government. The city was in festal array.

Early in the morning Mayor Grace of New York City and other municipal officials, together with members of the statue committee, went out in a special tug to escort the *Isère* into the harbor. The frigate meanwhile had been lying in Gravesend Bay. The municipal tug was followed by a colorful procession of ships of every description and size—United States naval vessels, municipal launches, ferry boats improvised as excursion boats, club yachts, private yachts, scows rented out to sightseeing parties.

The party was received by Captain de Saune in his cabin, and there short addresses were made and toasts drunk. Fidelity to history requires the narration of an incident in the course of the ceremonies, the kind of an incident without which great events are never complete. A bottle of champagne—several bottles, in fact—had considerably been opened by the *Isère's* officers. Senator William M. Everts of New York arose to propose a toast to the success of the French officers. He raised his glass and then, warmed by the sentiments appropriate to the occasion, brought it down vigorously on the table, so vigorously in fact that it smashed into splinters and rivulets of warm golden wine coursed the table and the floor. The toast was drunk with no less enthusiasm, while the stewards mopped.

Speeches made and toasts drunk, the welcoming delegation returned to the

official launch and the *Isère* weighed anchor and started up the bay to a position opposite the Battery. She was escorted in by the whole fleet in a prearranged line—United States naval vessels, official boats, yachts and private craft. Ninety vessels were in line, many of them with bands on board. The newspapers estimated that 15,000 persons were afloat. Thousands more crowded the ferry boats and lined the shores along the route, Staten Island and the Battery showing a packed mass of humanity. Every craft afloat was at dress-ship, whistles blowing and colors flying. As the procession moved up the harbor, first one fort, then another, fired salutes. It was a colorful, picturesque and impressive spectacle.

Arriving opposite Bedloe's Island, Admiral La Combe, Captain de Saune and the other French officers were taken to Bedloe's Island by the American committee. As they set foot on the island on which the statue was to stand a chorus of five hundred burst into "La Marseillaise," then the hymn Gounod had composed for the presentation of the statue, and then "Hail Columbia."

In the afternoon the French guests made their first visit to New York. As they got out of their launch at the Battery they were received by municipal officials, the American committee, and a delegation from the New York Chamber of Commerce. They were then given places of honor in a parade that moved slowly up Broadway to the City Hall. A squad of police, a provisional brigade commanded by General Louis Fitzgerald, and the 69th, 71st and 12th Infantry and Eighth Cavalry Regiments, preceded the carriages in which were the French officers, American officials and committee-men and representatives of French societies in New York. French and American colors flew from windows of office buildings along the route and 100,000 New Yorkers were massed on the sidewalks and in office buildings. At the City Hall there were more speeches.

Meanwhile the Statue of Liberty was being unloaded, a box at a time, out of the *Isère* to await its mounting on the scene from which it has thrilled countless millions of immigrants, European tourists and returning Americans ever since—including the A. E. F.

## OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

A. C. No. 30—Fourth annual reunion, 6:30 p. m., June 6, at Hotel Avery, Boston, Mass. Address A. C. No. 30 Committee, P. O. Box 4, Boston.

42ND DIV.—South Carolina Chapter of Rainbow Division annual reunion at Marion, June 10-11. Address Benj. R. Mullins, Jr., Marion, S. C.

CO. M, 310TH INF. (78th Div.)—Reunion at Aecht-Stetter's Restaurant, 842 Broad St., Newark, N. J., 7 p. m., June 13. Address Norman W. Gould, 62 Newlawn Ave., Arlington, N. J.

15TH ENG. (Pittsburgh Pioneers)—Reunion under auspices of mothers of the regiment, at West View Park, Pittsburgh, June 20. Address Elizabeth Crane, 483 Campbell St., Wilkesburg, Pa.

PILGRIMAGE TO CATALINA—Los Angeles County Council, A. L., Fourth Annual Pilgrimage to Avalon, Catalina Island, June 20th and 21st. Make reservations at 900 Hibernian Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.



# A Flier in the Ointment

(Continued from page 8)

Mathilda was awful partial to aviators. She didn't care whether they was real aces or just fly-by-knights.

I done what I could to solace the skipper. Over the fourth, or was it the sixth, Scotch I told him the old one about never mind losin' a gal, there'll always be another one along in a minute. But the look he gave me sealed up further wise cracks. After a while, and we hadn't been drinkin' heavy, really, the skipper began whimperin' into his soup. This opened my eyes to the fact that he was clean gone over this expensive spare rib o' the country club set, and that if she gave him the air he was liable to play anything, from Mah Jong to Brooklyn Bridge.

But be that as it may. I had troubles o' my own, without losin' flesh over Capt. Spencer's love affairs. He didn't have to plug ten hours a day for a livin', and I did. B'lieve me, Lafayette's friends didn't have no harder time jarrin' this country loose of its debt to him than I had collectin' tailor bills, laundry bills, piano payments, plumber's ransoms and all kinds o' bills from the residents o' the tight little isle. Sometime, I thought, I'd have it changed from New York, N. Y., to Owensburg.

But somehow I grew to like the collectin' game. It took me cut in the air, tho' sometimes thro' the window, and I was constantly gettin' insulted by the very best people. I showed my talents as a combination actor and detective. I had to disguise myself when pesterin' people in line o' duty. One day I'd make up as a plasterer and get into a house on the pretext o' re-coatin' the ceilin'. Next day I'd pretend I was a piano mover, staggerin' under the weight o' light opera scores, or a plumber's helper, or a baker's boy bootleggin' buns. If worst came to worst I could always disguise myself as a dumb waiter.

Inside o' six months I was the ace o' the agency's collectors. Men which owed for their last year's groceries or alimony or steno's furs, threw up their hands and begged for a chance to kick in, when I got on their trail.

One day in the office I was showin' the small fry collectors my latest bonus and givin' 'em expert advice, when Mr. Membrane sends for me, and instead o' receivin' me cordial, he snaps out:

"O'Dee, I suppose you think you're good."

"Think! I admit it."

"I thought so. Well, here's an assignment which will show me whether you're good or not. If you succeed, you will have established yourself with Raikes & Garner."

"Lead me to it, boss."

"Our subject in this case is Flight Commander Cyril Hedgecomb, of His British Majesty's Royal Navy. Commander Hedgecomb lives at the Ritz, and he is the darling of New York and Long Island society. That's only natural, however. He's a handsome, dashing Englishman, and the sight o' him in his aviator's uniform sets widows, wives and debutantes simply mad. He is seen at all the important social functions in the city and on the

country estates. The rumor is that he has come over here to win a rich American girl."

"The big bum," I remarks concernin' those kind o' guys.

"Well, he's got to work fast if he wants to square his creditors and keep out o' durance vile," says Mr. Membrane. "We have bills against him from florists, haberdashers, tailors, taxi firms, hotels, etc., amounting to—well, over five thousand dollars. Bills are comin' by every mail."

"He's smooth as silk, as wise as a flapper fox and as slippery as a giraffe Adam's apple. His creditors don't worry him. That's where you come in. You've got to worry him, O'Dee!"

Me worry a flight commander o' the British Navy! Me make the champion deadbeat o' the upper crust kick in with what he owed to a bunch o' beastly tradespeople! Tough diggin's, 'bo. However—

\* \* \* \* \*

Never mind how I busted into Flight Commander Hedgecomb's sweet o' rooms at the Ritz. I entered lawfully just when he was havin' a late solitaire breakfast, and wearin' his purple dressin' gown and monocle. When I explained my mission in callin' he was moved to tears, and I couldn't blame it on the grapefruit neither.

"Of course, Mr. O'Dee, I am frightfully in debt," he confessed. "But what ex-service man is not, in these times? We men who won the war also made the financial sacrifice. I observe by the lapel button you wear, Mr. O'Dee, that you and I are comrades. Altho' we served under different flags, we both risked life gladly that these trades persons might pursue their profits in safety and comfort. Remember, Mr. O'Dee, I am not seekin' to be absolved of my obligations. But I am asking a fair chance to make good, as you call it in the States. Isn't that fair?"

"Fair, but not so good," I says. "Now this here bill for \$395.65 for orchids. Whadda you goin' to do about it? Pay me, orchid me?"

He squinted at me through his one raw eye.

"I appeal to your sense o' justice as one fightin' man to another," he comes back, sheddin' of his monocle like he was goin' to take a bath. "We all have our ups and downs. But we are men of honor. Our word is as good as our bond. Mr. O'Dee, would you believe it if I told you that within six hours I shall have arrived at a position in American society which will assure my future, a position which will enable me to satisfy all my creditors in full? Would you believe?"

"It's a terrible strain, Commander." "—that in a couple of weeks or so I shall be established as one of the wealthiest members of the younger married set in New York?"

"Married?—but you ain't hitched," I objects, havin' checked up his record both here and abroad.

"Aha!" and he blushes redder'n a crocodile's lipstick. "Aha! That's the very idea. I will be married—soon. This very afternoon I shall cap-



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ture the hand of the most beautiful as well as one of the most affluent of your American beauties. I am going—"

"Commander, you're goin' to jail unless you produce somethin' besides your rubber stamp for signin' I. O. U.'s. Why, I can tell these hotel people somethin' and they'll have you slapped in the brig—"

"Sh-sh! An overt word or hasty deed would wreck my plans. Mr. O'Dee, as a veteran, and as a bill collector primarily interested in the liquidation of my indebtedness, I appeal to you to co-operate with me in taking advantage of this fortuitous opportunity."

I bore up under this heavy shower o' vocabulary, and he went on:

"This afternoon, Mr. O'Dee, I am to be the guest of honor at a house party, given at one of the most exclusive residences on Long Island."

"Send 'em your regrets," I says. "From now on I'm your shadow. If you try to lose me, I'll have you slammed in the cooler for beatin' any one of a number o' board bills. And then I'll park in the same cell."

He bit his shadowgraph mustache. And he did some quick thinkin'. The next minute he makes me a wov of a proposition. As long as I am sworn not to let him get loose from my sight, why not, he says, accompany him out to the Long Island house party. I can be his Private Secretary. Then at the party I could eat, drink and be merry, see how the upper half-portion lives and let him fill the heavy date which will land him the hand and heart o' Sweet Angel Eye\$.

Well, it wouldn't do no harm to help the Flight Commander pay off his debts. And since I had volunteered to be his shadow, I might as well enjoy a few o' the shadowgrafts. So I agrees to be his Secretary until the end of a perfect clean-up day.

Well, we entrained for Drouthampton, L. I., and Cyril was all dressed up for the occasion, wearin' his full dress aviator's uniform and more medals than Sousa's wife ever sold to the junkman. But he didn't rate A-1 with me because I'd saw the records o' his work in the world's war. In the first place the records showed he never was a flight commander. He was just a dub flyin' left'nant, who never got to the front, altho' he wrecked more planes behind the lines than the Germans could o' hoped for. Finally, he sprained his wrist, or his wrist watch, I forget which, and was sent over to America to make four-minute speeches. Well, the war was now over above a year, and Cyril was still makin' 'em—mostly into invisible ears with earrings on 'em.

Gosh, that was a swell affair at Drouthampton. It was called a house party because everyone backed away from the house and indulged in golfin', motorin', horseback ridin' and bareback swimmin'. I could of joined a swimmin' party in the ocean which included Flight Commander Hedgecomb, the lovely heiress which was gettin' her hair wet in his honor, her mother, and a bunch o' guests whose bankrolls run into six or seven figures, and whose figures run into abdominal sun parlors and double chins.

But what's the use o' bathin' when your tonsils crave a private splash by themselves? No, I just sat on the big porch o' that mansion, overlookin' the private yacht harbor and bathin' beach, watchin' the bathers from afar and the bartender from anear. And I was doin' some heavy thinkin' along with my light-hearted drinkin'. Cyril was makin' good, all right, with this heiress which he had picked for his'n. She didn't seem to pick him for no tough break, either. She let him hold her outa the water so she wouldn't get her sunburn wet, and she'd scream with enthusiasm when he showed her his skill at the high dive. Well, judgin' from what I'd learned about his record as a aviator, he needed that high dive in his business.

However, I wasn't worryin' that Cyril wouldn't cop the rich lady and pay off all his debts. Now I was afraid he would win her!

While I sat in the breeze, Capt. Spencer came out on the porch, wearin' a haggard look. Yes, my old skipper was a guest at the house party too. He lifted a pair o' double EE field glasses to his glims, and what he saw was enough to drive a real man to almost murder. For at that moment Cyril Hedgecomb was administerin' a very affectionate deep-sea embrace to the lady o' my Captain's dreams, Miss Mathilda St. Claridge!

\* \* \* \* \*

The swimmers held a dryin' out party on the porch, and Flight Commander Hedgecomb, after puttin' on his uniform, came back to tell us just who was what, and which was why. The subject drifted into aviation and everybody shut up when the Commander started talkin'. For hadn't he downed seventeen German planes over in France? Yes, he hadn't.

"What a wonderful day for flyin'!" says Cyril, and both him and Mathilda look up in the sky as if that's where they'd love to be, just them two.

Everybody looks up and mumbles how clear the sky is, bein' free from ruts, grade crossin's and motor cops.

"I'd give a jolly big sum for the privilege o' takin' a ship up today," Cyril says, jinglin' his thin dime against a key ring. And bein' his Secretary, and wishin' to play my part right up to the time my Skipper might decide to shoot him, I says:

"Commander, that's a great idea. I'm rarin' to go up with you!" Then I tips a wink to Capt. Spencer, with which I've already had some private conversation.

Well, Commander Hedgecomb keeps on yearnin' to be a bird. And we all yearn with him, one louder than the other. Only Capt. Spencer don't say nothin' but keeps his eye peeled on the horizon and glances expectant at his watch. And while we're gassin' about the wide upper spaces, a low hummin' is heard, which at first sounds like the hum o' conversation or bees, but which gets louder and louder until we discover a man's size navy hydroplane is circlin' above our house party. All at once this plane begins to swoop, and a great cheer goes up as it is seen that the aviator aims to make a landin' in the St. Claridge family's private yacht harbor. We all rush down to shore to meet the visitors from the skies. They land on the ripples as



easy as parkin' a baby's perambulator, and two navy officers climb out and invite themselves in for tea.

My old Skipper introduces the aviators, who seem to be old pals o' his. One is Lieut. Ned Hopkins, navy flier, and with him is his flyin' partner, Lieut. James. When they are asked to mitta a "real" Flight Commander o' the British Navy, one Cyril Hedgecomb by name, the Yankee aviators seem quite overcome. I say they *seemed* overcome, for Capt. Spencer had invited 'em over to the party from their base by telephone, and I suspected they was up to dirty work.

"Commander Hedgecomb has expressed an ardent desire to take up a ship today," observes Spencer, while everybody is admirin' the plane.

"I shall be delighted to accommodate the Commander," says Lieut. Hopkins. "It is in splendid shape for a flight."

"You may have my helmet and coat—I believe they're about your size," says Lieut. James, sheddin' his.

"Commander, it will be a pleasure and an honor to have you take the stick," adds Hopkins with a bow.

We—that is myself, the Skipper and the two Yank fliers—waited breathless. We wondered what kind of a alibi Cyril would put up to sidestep the detail and yet retain his standin' in Mathilda's eyes. Of course he wouldn't dare to take up a ship after his rotten record and experiences, of course he'd try to stall and cover his preference for safe footin' on land—

But while I was servin' the third o' course, Cyril was bucklin' around himself the belt o' James' aviator jacket, and he already had put on the helmet, with the flaps flyin' loose.

"Well, O'Dee," says Cyril, "you were the first to put in your bid as a passenger. Are you ready to go up?"

A queer chill went thro' me, and at the same time Mathilda hangs on Cyril's arm and begs to be taken up. But her mother pries her loose.

"I'm sorry, dearest," explains her hero, "but my Secretary has the first call to go aloft with me. I want to try out this ship to make sure it is entirely safe for you."

While I am crawlin' into the helmet and sky togs which had been lent me by Lieut. Hopkins, I manage to pull Cyril to one side, a bit away from the chatterin' crowd and the noisy motors.

"Commander," I says, "do you really mean to take up this ship? Why, your record as a flier in the British Navy is a hunk o' cheese. Can you even lift that benzine buggy off the water?"

"Certainly I can take up a ship," he says, lightin' a cigaret contemptuous. "The main trouble I have is comin' down. Always wreckin' somethin'. If it isn't a wing it's a passenger. Deuced bore, don't you know?"

With the two navy loueys actin' as our mechanics, we strapped ourselves into the hydroplane, Cyril in the pilot's seat, and me in the observer's seat behind him.

The engine started roarin', the propeller kicked up foam and the house party guests cheered from enthusiasm and the fact they wasn't goin' with us. Blooie!—we plunged forward and upward into space, and at the last moment Mathilda tossed a white rose into the bus. It landed on my knee, and at first I thought it was a lily.

It's funny how you seem to be sittin' still and pretty, while water and earth slips away from you, when you're up in an airplane. Right then I wouldn't of traded places with a king—why, for the first time in my life I knew how a bird feels and I wanted to *sing*, but the motor drowned me out!

I began to change my mind about Hedgecomb. Why, he could handle that flyin' stick as easy as a telephone girl strangles a stick o' gum. We circled, we dipped and we climbed—O it was tres bon! In fact, I didn't never want to come down from the sky.

The thought o' comin' down sent the first cold trickle down my spine. I remembered Cyril's confession that makin' landin' was his weak point, and that ruinin' wings, propeller shafts and passengers was his feature vice.

And now I could see that Cyril was doin' his best to come down. He'd swoop close to the landin' harbor and then he'd zoom away. After he'd flirted with the calm buzzin' o' the cove a dozen times and backed off, it occurred to me that he was water-shy, like a bootlegger's customer.

"Whadda yuh goin' to do," I wanted to yell into his cotton-stuffed ear drums. "Are we goin' to loiter up here all night?"

Even if he heard me, I doubted if he'd fall for my helpful suggestions.

All at once there was a terrible roar o' motors. Our ship plunged nose downward, straight for them treacherous waters! I tried to scream. I closed my eyes and felt for my life preserver. I tried to remember all the incidentals o' my past life, the things I'd done or left undone, the good resolutions I'd never kept, the crimes I'd committed to memory, the—

Our hydroplane smacked the ocean with a deafenin' crash!

There was a rush o' angry water. Then all went black.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I come around I found myself alive and whole, but very cold and wet. I was rolled up in a blanket in the dark, smoky cabin o' what I judged to be a small sailin' vessel. Flight Commander Hedgecomb was there too. But he's already put on a suit o' dry clothes, a sort o' rough seaman's outfit, and he was laughin' and kiddin' with the ship's captain and a couple o' mates, just as if he hadn't spilled a couple o' thousand feet.

"Where am I?" I gasps in salt water accents.

"Hello, O'Dee—you're aboard a jolly old whalin' ship," says Cyril.

"A whalin' ship," I cries. "Well, you fit in, 'cause you're a whale of a flier!"

"Pass over that harpoon," commands the captain o' the craft.

The mate passes over what I would of ordinarily took to be a corkscrew. But no, it's a harpoon, the captain says. He jams it down the neck of a bottle and brings out the cork.

"Have some whale oil, matey," he says, and pushes a glass full into my face.

Whale oil is funny stuff. The first gulp made me feel as if I'd swallowed Mr. Jonah and he was registerin' his indignation with boxin' gloves.

"Great game, this whalin' industry," says Commander Hedgecomb. "Millions in it. That's why I've signed



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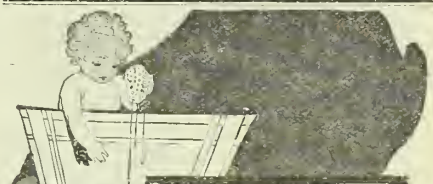
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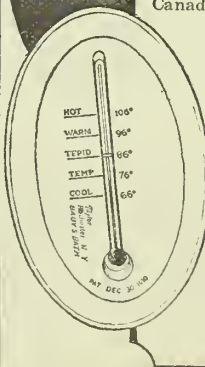
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up as third mate o' the good ship 'Rumferry.' Inside o' six months I'll be rich and then I'll claim the hand o' Mathilda St. Claridge without lookin' to her pater for support. How about it, O'Dee? Don't you want to quit the collectin' business and sign up with this crew?"

"Nope, just put me on Terry's firma," I begged. "I'll devote the rest o' my life to collectin' my senses!"

The captain o' the "Rumferry," who had picked us up from our crippled hydroplane, was one mighty good sport. There was a shipment o' whale oil goin' ashore that evenin' under the cover o' night. Just why whale oil needed the cover o' night to keep it fresh and invigoratin', the captain didn't explain, but what interested me was the fact that I was to go along in the small boat and be dumped ashore with the whale oil. And I didn't care where they dumped me, just so it was dry to the touch o' my St. Bernards.

We loaded case after case o' bottled whale tonic into the ship's auxiliary launch, and then we struck off for the distant shore. Loud talkin' and smokin' was prohibited. Cyril was a member o' the landin' party. He wanted the excitement and experience, he said. I didn't see no excitement in shippin' whale oil, but members o' the crew whispered to me it was a very slippery business.

Well, we glided over inky waters for a great distance. Finally we put into a friendly cove. Somethin' about the place looked familiar. I made out dimly the outlines of a bathin' pavilion and a yacht at anchor. Then I recognized this place as the very yacht harbor from which me and Cyril had flew that day. But the St. Claridge mansion was dark and deserted—maybe they was out huntin' our bodies. It was a cinch they wasn't expectin' no delivery o' whale oil.

We tied to the dock and in silence began unloadin' our freight.

"This jolly stuff is worth a fortune in the States," Cyril was mumblin', when—BANG! A shot rang out! All at once a glarin' searchlight was turned square on our boat.

"Run for yer lives, mates. The bloomin' revenue h'officers!"

I didn't wait for no command. Instead I leaped thro' the surf and sprinted along the sand. I had covered 200 yards in .000 flat when some one grabbed me. I struggled but he held on till he recognized me.

"Buck O'Dee! Alive! We thought you'd been killed by that incompetent four-flusher!"

Whadda you think? I had run slam into the arms o' Capt. Spencer. When I say arms, I mean the only arm which was left free for sudden emergencies. . . . Yes, Mathilda was with him!

## Why Daddy Kicked In with a Quarter

(Continued from page 9)

gas in the process. But it was not until 1921 that he really began to feel the full effects of the gassing.

Along about the first of the year, Saied and his wife and three-year old child were in Little Rock. They had no money; Saied had no job; his wife was seriously ill and in need of an operation. He had been unable to get any assistance for himself from the Veterans Bureau because he could not prove the connection between his gassing and the heart and bronchial affections which have undermined his health.

Saied turned to The American Legion, of course. And Claude A. Brown, department adjutant of the Legion, investigated his situation. As a result, immediate aid was forthcoming to relieve the worst of Saied's troubles. The rent was paid and groceries supplied. Then Brown gave Saied a light job at state headquarters of the Legion, and got a member of the Auxiliary to teach him English so that when he is able to apply for a real, money-making job he will not be so handicapped as he is today.

Meanwhile, the Legion is investigating his case, trying to dig up the necessary records and affidavits which will establish to the Bureau's satisfaction the connection between Saied's gassing and his subsequent afflictions.

At Texarkana, \$7,500 was the quota. As a starter, Dr. George A. Hayes, Legion post commander, pledged \$1,500 from the members of the post, and then just to begin to make good on that pledge right away, he raised \$630 from thirty-nine Legionnaires at once.

Then the post officials got a meeting of chamber of commerce members, with representatives of civic clubs and

the like. A representative business man was appointed chairman, and the campaign was all ready to go even before the representatives of national headquarters had come to Texarkana to organize the job. The work was done locally—and the money was raised according to schedule, by team solicitation backed up by good local publicity.

How the Endowment Fund often works out in relation to a post below the average in strength is shown by the experience at Paragould. The post here, in a town of 2,500, had about twenty members. The post officers decided that, no matter whether or not they could count on the assistance of the other ex-service men and women of Paragould, they were going to raise their share of the Endowment Fund.

So a meeting was called, a mass meeting at which the Endowment's purposes were to be explained. The post commander invited up to the stage two prominent citizens.

After the Endowment Fund had been explained, and the post commander had referred to the small membership of the post, one of the business men who had been invited to the stage, arose. "It is my opinion that everyone here feels as I do, that the big job ahead of you Legionnaires is to build up your post membership. You go ahead and spend on that job the energy and effort you had planned to spend in raising the \$1,600, which is our quota.

"Leave the money-raising job to the citizens. We'll do it. I'll personally see to getting it organized, and the money raised, if you wish. But you men build up your Legion post."

So that was how it was done. Within a few days, and in part because the



Endowment Fund showed many of the ex-service men and women why they should belong, the Legion's roster was eighty. And meanwhile, the citizens raised the city's quota by canvassing.

At Searcy the post and town showed a fine spirit. The quota assigned to this town of 1,000 was \$200. The local Legion officers called up Arkansas headquarters and complained. "Our quota is too small," they objected. "We'll set our quota at \$875, just so we'll have a decent figure to shoot at." And, by canvassing all over the county, they raised the \$875. They got \$150 in the first post meeting called after the quota had been assigned.

Another remarkable showing was that at Bauxite, a small mining town, with a quota of \$200. By one week after the official campaign had closed, Bauxite had doubled its quota, and the money is still coming in. Incidentally, three-fourths of the money was raised among Legionnaires.

At Mammoth Springs, a town of 800 with a post of fifteen members, the quota was \$240. A mass meeting was called, the story of the Endowment Fund explained, and the widow of a soldier subscribed \$20 as a memorial to her husband. Within five minutes \$296 had been raised.

Then the town set out to double its quota. At last reports, \$335 had been subscribed.

At Blytheville, the quota assigned Mississippi County was \$1,500. James Saliba, post commander, and R. E. L. Wilson, lumberman and a business leader of the community, decided that there was little use waiting for the official week of the Arkansas campaign. Within two weeks after they had been told what their quota was, they had the money. Then they kept right on the job to get more—and did so.

## TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

RALPH F. MORRIS, Rainier Noble Post, Seattle. D. Apr. 23. Served on U. S. S. Brooklyn.

HARRY A. NOTE, Green-McCracken Post, Philadelphia, Pa. D. Apr. 3. Served in Navy.

JOSEPH PLATT, Lawrence (Mass.) Post. D. Apr. 20. Served with Co. C, 59th Ammn. Tr.

JAMES F. RAY, Arthur Butler Post, East Syracuse, N. Y. D. Mar. 14, aged 37. Served with 469th Eng., R. T. C.

WILLIS ROBERTS, Evans Post, Cicero, Ind. D. Apr. 10.

JOSEPH A. ROSS, Ashton (Idaho) Post. D. at U. S. Hosp., Boise, Idaho, Nov. 8, aged 34. Served in Co. E, 2d Eng.

EDGAR A. RUSSELL, Signal Post, New York City. D. Apr. 27. Maj. Gen., A. E. F.

CHARLES L. SCHATZ, William Marshall Crawford Post, Lock Haven, Pa. D. Mar. 27, aged 24. Served in C. A. C.

EDWARD M. SLEMMONS, Franklin Post, Columbus, O. D. May 3, aged 46. Captain in Army.

MARTIN SMITH, James C. Bilz Post, Port Jervis, N. Y. D. Apr. 14. Served in Army.

PAUL J. STAAEL, Eddie Robertson Post, Vebien, S. D. D. May 4, aged 29. Served with Co. M, 352nd Inf.

W. SWEAT, Lester Harris Post, National Sanatorium, Tenn. D. Mar. 12. Served with Bty. D, 115th F. A.

ALBERT W. TENNER, First Tank Corps Post, Chicago, Ill. D. at V. B. Hosp., Milwaukee, Wis., Apr. 22. Served with Co. E, 34th Inf., 7th Div.

SAM VACCERO, Kankakee (Ill.) Post. Murdered Apr. 21. Served with Co. E, 48th Inf.

HENRY A. VOLLWEILER, Green-McCracken Post, Philadelphia, Pa. D. Mar. 1. Served in Army.

JOSEPH A. WEILER, Blackhawk Post, Chicago, Ill. D. Apr. 1. Served with Med. Dept., Gen. Hosp. No. 25.

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6-5-25



# Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

## Ambition

It was back in the old days at St. Nazaire. A couple of perspiring Negro stevedores had stopped work for a chat.

"Boy," said the first, "what yo'-all want mos' when yo'-all am discharged f'um de Ahmy?"

"Ah wants mah rifle mos' of all," replied the second.

"Yo' rifle? Whaffo' yo' wants yo' rifle?"

"So's when Ah gits me home Ah kin plant it in de middle of mah yabd, an' when it rains Ah sits me by de window an' says: 'Rust, yo' son of a guu, rust!'"

## Looking for Trouble

[Ad in the *Lewistown (Pa.) Sentinel*]

WANTED—Boarders with room and all conveniences.

## One Step Removed

A mine superintendent, who had gone down into the lower levels to talk to a crew of men imprisoned by a cave-in, was getting their last messages.

"George," he shouted to one colored miner, through a narrow aperture, "are you married?"

"Nossuh," answered a lugubrious voice, "dis hyah am de wustest fix Ah evah been in yit."

## Some Crustacean!

A snobbish young oyster, urbanely,

While boastfully bragging inanely,

With a burst of false pride

Told the incoming tide,

"My insides are slightly ptomainely."

—A. L. L.

## Time Table Needed

"What time does the evening train arrive?" asked the motorist. "I've been waiting for it an hour."

"In five minutes," replied the station agent. "Want a ticket?"

"No. I want to race the blamed thing to the crossing."

## A Neck Washer?

[Ad in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*]

COUPLE, white all around man drive car, wife good cook.

## Flip

The customary young bride was paying her well-known first visit to the grocer's. After spending half an hour putting gray

hairs in the head of the lough-suffering merchant, she finally came to the eggs.

"Now, I'll need about a quart of these; are you sure they're fresh?"

"Madame," replied the worn-out man, "those eggs are so fresh that they've already insulted two customers this morning."

## Crime in the Keystone State

[From the *Mt. Washington (Pa.) News*]

Three boys were arrested last week charged with disorderly conduct. They upset a mail box at Boggs avenue and Williams street and raised h— in general.

## Ovah Theah They Call It Chumly

A bashful young fellow named Cholmondeley

Saw a maiden both winsome and colmoudeley;

When she asked for a light

He just blushed in affright,

And stared at the maiden quite dolmondeley.

—F. W.

## We've Heard Congressmen Drank,

But—

[Ad in the *Vicksburg (Miss.) Evening Post*]

Boiled Solons—Visit the Wisteria—Every Hat on Sale.

## No Waste

"Why do you want your love letters returned?" asked the girl who had broken the engagement. "Are you afraid that I'll sue you in court?"

"No," sighed the young man, "but I paid quite a bit to have those letters written by an expert, and I may use them again some day."

## Fly in the Ointment

Two dollars buys a dinner,  
A watch they claim will go,  
A fountain pen, a nifty tie,  
A ticket for a show.

Two dollars buys a taxi ride,  
Some candy or some hose,  
Two dollars buys a puzzle book,  
It buys a Beauty rose.

Two dollars buys a lot of things,  
A wedding license, too,  
But O, my Sheba, I ain't got  
Two dollars. Pray, have you?

—James A. Sanaker.

## Bound Fast

Tom: "So Grace sealed her engagement to you with a kiss, eh?"

Jerry (still dazed): "I think she cemented it and riveted it. She insisted on setting an early date for the wedding."

## Fully Qualified

[From the *Hart County (Ky.) News*]

Mr. Harry Miles was hauling wood recently, and while attempting to lift a log onto his wagon his foot slipped, and he is not in a serious condition, for his chin caught on the edge of the wagon-bed and his neck was elongated to such an extent that his life was in danger. Since then he has been seen repairing the telephone line.

## The Cynical Compositor

[From the *Beaver Falls (Pa.) Tribune*]

BOOK CLUB—Mrs. W. W. Potts of Fourth Avenue, College Hill, will entertain the members of the College Hill Book Club in her home this evening.

## The All-Inclusive Vanity Case

[From the *Hastings (Neb.) Daily Tribune*]

When Mrs. A. T. Miller regained consciousness after lying for three hours pinned beneath her automobile here Saturday, she awakened to learn that in addition to physical injuries, she had suffered the loss of her pocketbook, containing \$50 and a spotlight, spare tire and kit of tools.

## The Heights of Sanitation

[Ad in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*]

BÉAUTIFUL large room for refined gentleman; strictly private, elaborately furnished; reasonable to permanent party; references exchanged, also hot baths.

## No Fun

Her summer escort had a new car and was anxious to show off in it.

"See?" he asked her. "I can stop this car dead still and in fifteen seconds be going fifty miles an hour again."

"But," she objected, "what's the use of stopping at all if you do that?"

## Who Bosses This Family?

[From the *Elkins (W. Va.) Intermountain*]

Miss Ethel Rosencrance of Huttonsville and Mr. Roland See of Mill Creek were united in marriage Friday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Rosencrance will be "At Home" to their friends in Mill Creek.

## Is That Any Way to Talk?

[Heading in *Fort Worth (Tex.) Star-Telegram*]

New Mexico May Quit Water Pact Due to Dam Row.

## Thrift

He put six hundred bucks away.

The banker told him that

With compound interest the sum

Would buy a fancy flat

In sixteen years. The chap agreed

It was a right good plan,

But he drew it out in sixteen weeks,

For he was an average man.

—James A. Sanaker.

## "Snap" Is No Name

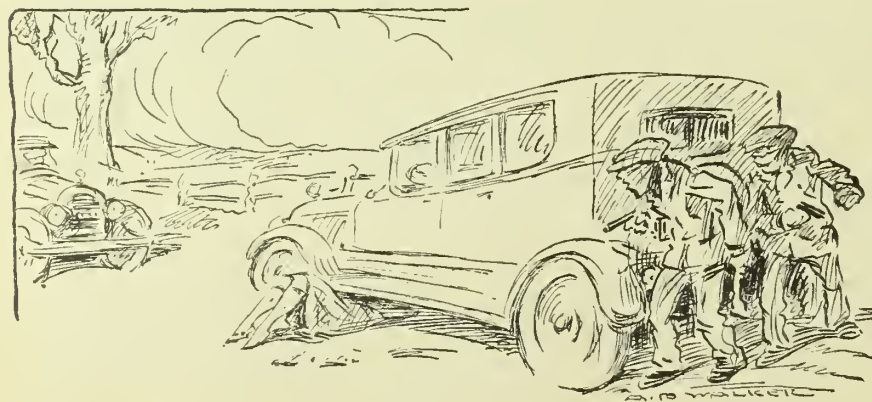
[Ad in the *Omaha World-Herald*]

FORD COUPE—Very late '23, has had exceptionally good care and looks and runs like new. Real snap at \$2,950.

## Well, We'll Bite

[Ad in the *Brooklyn (Pa.) American*]

FOUND—On Lakes-to-the-Sea Highway West of Emerickville. Owner may have same by paying for this adv. and proving property.



THE DECOY

First bandit: "Slowin' down, ain't he?"

Second bandit: "Of course."





# That fighting hand!

**T**HAT fist of yours, that helped to strike the final blow—decorate it. Give it a ring—the ring that only Legionnaires may wear.

American Legion rings are made with the utmost care and precision. Each is a tribute to the art of jewelry making. They are unusual in design and command instant admiration. You will thoroughly enjoy owning one.

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Ring to be size ☐

Gentlemen: You will please send at your risk one AL\_\_\_\_\_ ring in \_\_\_\_\_k gold. I will pay postman \$\_\_\_\_\_ only (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. It is understood however that if the ring is not entirely satisfactory that my money will be refunded promptly providing the ring is returned at once.

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# Reduce Bulging Waistline *Easily!* With New Self-Massaging Belt

**Amazing New Belt Takes Off Fat Through Automatic Massage. Does Away With Heart-Straining Exercises, Disgusting Diets, Weakening Sweat-Baths! Makes You Look Thin While You Grow Thin.**

**T**HE moment you put on this wonderful new self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced from 2 to 6 inches—but better still, you actually grow thinner day by day. At the same time all your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and shortness of breath generally disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a

wonderful new energy, and look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!

This amazing new belt marks a wonderful new freedom for stout men—freedom from monotonous, heart-straining exercises—freedom from disgusting reducing diets—freedom from weakening sweat-baths, dangerous pills and dreary self-denials!

## Every Move Helps Take It Off

This marvelous new kind of belt known as the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt produces the same results as an expert masseur—only quicker, and cheaper. The Weil Belt does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat by gently but constantly massaging the bulging fat tissues. It sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away the surplus fat. With every move you make, with every breath you take, your abdomen receives this gentle but effective pressure and gradually but surely inches of fat are massaged away.

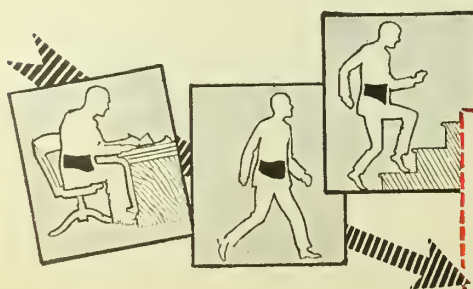
### Reduce the Way Athletes Do

The Weil Belt is made of the same kind of scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys because it not only reduces quickly but at the same time preserves their strength. It is highly indorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money instantly refunded without question. The Weil Co., 586 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

#### SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Write at once for full description and details of the Special 10-day trial offer being made by The Weil Company, 586 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

As illustrated at the left, every move of your body, walking, climbing stairs—merely breathing as you sit—causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second.



**THE WEIL COMPANY,  
586 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.**

Gentlemen:

Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your special 10-day trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

